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FROM THE NATIONAL ATLAS.

## ISADORE.

When pleasant spring was smiling,
And flowers looked fresh and gay,
When bright eyed Hope beguiling,
Drove every care away;
We twined a wreath with gladness,
With joy unfelt before,
And blind to coming sadness,
We crowned young Isadore.

Her eye was then the brightest,
Of all our happy fair;
Her heart and step the lightest,
She had not known a care.
But oh! that cheek has faded,
And joy returns no more;
Our fondest hopes are shaded;
Alas for Isadore.

We envied him that blessing,
Who won her proud free heart;
Himself each charm possessing,
That manliness imparts.
He spurned that priceless treasure,
She knew no grief before,
But for a cruel pleasure,
He left our Isadore.

She was too sad for weeping,
That gentle heart was broke;
All sweet the maid is sleeping—
She fell beneath the stroke.
In spring we deck with roses,
She loved so well of yore;
The place where now reposes,
Our own dear Isadore. D. S. J.

From the National Atlas.

## THE TWO STUDENTS,

### OR LOVE AND CRIME.

*By the Milford Bard.*

"Non amo te, Zabidi nec possum dicere quare
Hoc solum scio, non amo te, Zabidi."—MART.
—I do not love you, I cannot assign a reason,
But this I know, that I do not love you.

'The proper study for mankind is man,' says the great Pope, and certainly there is no study more deep, more extensive, more abstract, and yet apparent. Human nature is a paradox from beginning to end, and there is nothing in which extremes more frequently meet than in man. There is not more difference and change in the fashions than in the passions, the feelings, the fancies, and follies of mankind, and those passions, feelings, fancies and follies, are often as lasting as life. With the same intensity that he hates he will love, and love will oft times in the same heart, through jealousy or slighted affection, turn to hatred, bitter as gall, and unrelenting as death. There is but one step from love to revenge, and that step is jealousy. The same arrow with which Cupid wounds the heart, is often caught by revenge, and tipt with a dart, poisoned with Upas. We often conceive a love or hatred for the individual at the first sight, and ever after, perhaps hate him because we are not acquainted with him, and will not be acquainted because we hate him; thus forever throwing from us one who possesses, it may be, all the requisites of lasting friendship or love.

Henry Scarborough, was a young man of good natural endowments, but of violent, and at times uncontrolable passions; his father residing near Boston, possessed a competency. He resolved on giving his son a liberal education, that he might be fitted for the higher walks of life, he having felt the want of it in himself. The father, however, was fearful of the result, knowing the headstrong will and impetuous disposition of his son.—He had often been heard to express fear that Henry would contract wild and pernicious habits, and blight the hopes he had long cherished for the success of his only son. Mr. Scarborough had a son and daughter. He was a high minded honorable man, and but for the deficiency, nay, the want of education, might have filled some of the highest political seats in the country, so great was his popularity. But his popularity, as in most other instances, was in a great measure owing to his wealth, for it is an undeniable fact that the world is more prone to bow down at the footstool of wealth than at the shrine of virtue, or before the temple of genius. Too often is this the case when the possessor has not a single redeeming virtue, not even charity, for his worshippers are generally disappointed in their hopes of gain. It is this adoration which is paid to wealth that makes our countrymen so greedy of gain, and so loth to part with a single dollar.

Henry Scarborough, was well known by the inhabitants of New Haven, during the period of his collegiate studies. His purse was always full, though he was ever scattering it to the winds, for such was his influence over his father, that he dared to deny his demands for money. With most of the students of Yale College he was on familiar terms, and particularly with those who were wild and dashing blades. As I said before, he possessed good, or ordinary natural endowments, but not brilliant talents; for he was an extremely handsome young man, both in features and form, and it is remarkable that the portraits of all persons of great genius, I have seen, are the reverse of beautiful. Mirabeau, was the ugliest man in France, and Pope, was an uncouth creature, as well as Dr. Johnson, the leviathan of literature. Witness also, the Miss Porter's and a hundred others. Henry Scarborough, was celebrated for beauty among all the young ladies of New Haven, and he was toasted to intoxication by them. Henry had now completed his twentieth year, and could read the classics tolerably.

'Is not that Dick Brinsley,' enquired Henry one day as he stood on the opposite side of the street.—'I hate that fellow mortally; he always appears like a serpent in my path.'

'You surprise me,' returned Frank Ingham—'why, sir, he is famed, and justly too, for being one of the most interesting, amiable and inoffensive young men in College. Besides, he possesses splendid talents, and bore away the laurel at the last examination, as you very well know.'

This was a damper to Henry, especially the latter part, as Henry very well knew to his own mortification, that Richard Brinsley had on that occasion, completely thrown him in the shade, though it was done without any notice of it on the part of Richard. It was noticed, however, by the audience, and the very thought of his rival and classmate's great superiority stung him to the soul.

'I hated him,' said Henry, 'the very first time I gazed upon his monkey face and uncouth form, for I saw something in him that I did not like, and that feeling of repugnance is not diminished.'

'But you certainly have some cause for hating him,' returned the warm hearted Frank.

'He is so infernally proud in the first place,' said Henry, 'and secondly——'

'Nay,' interrupted Frank, 'there never was a man more divested of that anti-republican——'

'Then I am a liar,' retorted Henry, his face flashing with anger. 'You shall not call me so with impunity.'

''Tis folly to be angry at what was not intended,' coolly replied Frank. 'But another reason.'

'Well, in the second place, he is so—so—so mean hearted, so niggardly and penurious.'

'Without meaning any disrespect, that is not the case. He is retired and studious in his habits, and seldom or never found out with the wilder class of students, but that he is penurious or mean, I never can agree. Why, sir, he has given more in charity to the poor than any other student of Yale.'

'But sir, give us an instance of his liberality,' exclaimed Henry, his eyes flashing fire.

'I can do that readily,' returned Frank. 'It was but a week ago that a particular croney of yours got himself into difficulty, and not having the ready money, would certainly have been under the necessity of looking through iron windows, had not Richard Brinsley stepped forward, advanced the money, and set him at liberty. The best of the matter is, that Richard was a stranger to him.'

'I will engage,' said Henry, 'that Brinsley owed him, or had the payment secured.'

'Neither, upon my honor,' returned Frank, 'for the fellow left College, without paying him a cent.'

'Well, sir, if you take sides with him, I shall take the liberty of entertaining the same opinion of you.'

'You can do as you like sir, in that respect,' sneered Frank, 'but you cannot find a lady in all New Haven, that will not vindicate his character as I have done, for he is an especial favorite with the fair sex. Further, sir, I never can entertain any other opinion.'

'You then espouse his cause,' demanded Henry, trembling with suppressed passion.

'I hope I never shall hear innocence villified, without stretching the arm of protection.'

'Mark well your words, sir, for you must answer for them,' exclaimed Henry, haughtily.

'It is not my desire,' returned Frank, coolly, 'to create disturbances, but if you feel that I have injured you, I stand ready at any time to render you any satisfaction you may desire.'

Henry did not expect such firmness in his adversary, and cooling away with the promise that he should see him again, departed to his lodgings. Upon enquiry, he found that Frank had been at West Point, that he was a dead shot, and he therefore prudently declined sending a challenge. But his hatred of Richard Brinsley increased in a tenfold degree, and hearing some ladies casually speaking in high terms of Richard—he knew no bounds to his vengeance. He sought every opportunity in conversation to traduce his character, and invented stories, but to little effect. It happened one evening at a party, that he was in the act of telling a dark story, which had for its object the injury of Brinsley, when luckily he stepped in at the very moment his name was falling from the lips of Henry. Confusion ensued, he endeavored to elude the inquiry of Brinsley, but he was resolute in exposing to the company the motives of Henry; and that the story was a tissue of falsehoods, from beginning to end. Exposure was the consequence, and Henry sneaked away a bitterer foe to Richard Brinsley than ever. Henry, however, mistaking the forbearance and contempt of Richard for cowardice, determined on punishing him openly or covertly for the mortifying exposure. He now saw himself the shunned of the ladies, and the contempt of his comrades, with the exception of a few.

It was a cool, dark and gloomy evening in November, that Richard Brinsley was walking in the suburbs of New Haven, with a lady upon his arm, whom he was escorting home. At an unexpected moment his head rung as though a thousand cannons had been discharged. He had received a blow from behind, which not being sufficient to bring him to the earth, he wheeled and beheld a man disguised, holding in his hand a dagger, which he had just drawn from his bosom as he saw Brinsley wheel to attack him. Richard raised his cane and rushed at him. Henry made several ineffectual attempts to reach his body, but without effect, till at length with a bold effort Richard struck a heavy blow upon the arm of Scarborough, and the dagger fell from his hand. It had no sooner fallen than he drew from his pocket a pistol, which a descending blow also severed from his grasp. They were both now in the hands of Richard, and fear came upon the soul of Scarborough. The rising moon behind a dense and dark mass of clouds, shed only sufficient light upon the scene for the combatants to see each other. Henry Scarborough seeing Richard Brinsley in the act of raising the pistol to fire it in the air, supposed that he was about to strike a deadly blow with the dagger, and fell prostrate on the ground in an agony of despair.

'Spare me for the grey hairs of my father,' he exclaimed, 'if not for my own sake.'

'You have basely attempted to assassinate me, and your life is in my power,' said Richard, 'but take it at my hands, I have never injured you and wish not now to harm you. If your soul is susceptible of any of the finer feelings of our nature, you will never attack again the man who has generously given you the life which you have forfeited by your conduct.'

Richard now turned away on his heel, and bethought him of the lady, but she had fled and given the alarm. Several persons at this moment came up and took Henry into custody. Richard in the pure generosity of his heart plead for him in the name of his father's respectability, and begged that he might be released, inasmuch as he was an infatuated young man led away by passion. By and through his earnest appeals, Henry was spared the mortification that would have ensued.

When Richard returned home to the house of his aunt, he found that he was bleeding profusely from the back part of his head, where he had received the blow. No evil consequences however ensued from it, and he thought no more of the circumstance, not even speaking of it to any one, or if he did allude to it or heard it spoken of by the few that knew it, he always palliated the offence by saying that Henry was a misguided young man, possessing by nature an impetuous disposition.

Richard Brinsley was the son of respectable, but poor parents of the society of Friends, who both died when Richard was in his sixteenth year, leaving him to struggle for his own subsistence, and to take charge of an orphan sister, only eight or nine years of age. Possessing talents of the first order, the parents strained every nerve to give their son a good English education. By means of this he supported his young sister for two years, when a distant relative died and left him a small fortune, sufficient to send his sister to a female seminary, and himself to Yale College. Here he had made rapid progress, and expected to graduate with all the honors at the next commencement. He resided with his aunt, Mrs. Brummel, who kept a boarding house, in New Haven. Richard was distinguished for the great excellence of his moral character, for his forgiving disposition, and for his high sense of true honor, unpolluted by the false sense of the world.—He was considered in point of talent the flower of the institution; being distinguished alike for his sober and studious habits, and for his brilliant and rapid acquirement. He appeared to possess an aptness for any thing. He acquired a language or a science apparently without effort, and entered into the conceptions of the author without the least difficulty. His mechanical genius was of the first order, for during his leisure hours, he had constructed scientific instruments and machines, which excited the curiosity and admiration of many distinguished gentlemen.

The soul that is not distinguished for great gratitude, for a generous and noble action, is always characterized by great meanness. It was thus with Scarborough, in the latter case. He now hated Richard Brinsley, with a fixed and unrelenting animosity. The very fact, that he was indebted for his life to the forbearance and generosity of the man he hated, rendered his hatred a thousand times more bitter. But he could not openly avow it or openly attack the object of his animosity, for he knew that public indignation would visit him; and that the feelings of the community would rise up against him. But he sought every clandestine opportunity that offered to injure one whose soul was all melting kindness, and who knew not the feeling of envy or revenge. Henry despised him for his superiority in talents, virtue and noble conduct, and the very act of forbearance which saved his life, degenerated in his view into villony. The generous reader may be startled with unbelief at conduct so gross and inhuman; yet, nevertheless, such instances are too common, and to be met with almost every day, where men conceive a bitterness towards each other without any apparent or just cause. Look around you my dear reader, and see if you cannot mark the individual who hates his neighbor, because he is more virtuous, more wealthy, or more talented. Mark the expressions of the envious when they cry out—'I do not like that man, he is too proud, too penurious, or too godly given.' You will hear these expressions every day, and see their attempts to injure those, who, if they were better acquainted with, would prove noble and generous souls.

Richard Brinsley, had been sometime paying his vows at the shrine of Miss Caroline Bower's beauty, and the fact that she gave a more willing ear to the protestations of Richard, than to those of Henry, made the latter more acrimonious in his resentments. The fact was, Caroline was a beautiful and intelligent girl, in the very bud and bloom of young existence, having only just reached her seventeenth year, with all the freshness and feeling that characterize the heart at that period of life; for it is a well known truth that the heart is then more pure and free from the art and dissimulation which creep into it in after years, when long communion with the world has corrupted the unpractised affections. Caroline Bowers was no coquette, but on the contrary, she was pure as an angel, simple in her manners as a child, and full of feeling and generous kindness. She was more distinguished for the intelligent expression, than for the regularity of the features of her face. Her light form was faultless, and full of that grace which the immortal Milton gives to Eve. She was an only child, and the decease of her parents had left her in possession of a fortune, which, though not large, was equal to her wants. Every body admired, every body spoke in praise of her kind disposition, and unassuming manners, and hence it is no wonder that she should be a belle among the beaux of New Haven.

Henry Scarborough had tried every means to win the smiles of the fair Caroline, but without effect, and he used the same exertions, though secretly, to blast the kindness which she extended to Richard Brinsley. She discovered his motives, however, as a lady in love will always do, and the shaft which he intended should blast his rival, was feathered and sent back by the god of love (Cupid) to the heart of Caroline, thus increasing the flame which Henry would fain have extinguished. Thus do the envious often increase their own misery.—Henry knew not human nature, and especially woman's nature, or he would have discovered that persecution only has a tendency to elevate the object of it higher in the affections of her whose heart it is intended to embitter.

The next commencement came on, and Richard Brinsley graduated with great eclat, receiving as was expected, the highest honors of the institution. All rejoiced in this result, save one, and that was Henry Scarborough. Party after party was given to Richard in honor of the event, and compliments were showered upon him from fair lips, and from those of the lovely Caroline, his lady love. But Henry's success was not so apparent, and he retired full of mortification and anger at his defeat.—He retired from College, disgusted with study and Collegiate honors; and he who had boasted that he would be in Congress in less than six years, settled down into mercantile business with a grudge against the world, and an eternal enmity to Richard Brinsley. A year passed away, and Richard was at the same time a student of law, and the husband of the fair, the lovely, and the charmingly happy Caroline Bowers. But scarcely had this happy event taken place when he was aroused one night in January, by the cry fire, and discovered that the block of wooden buildings, which he had obtained with Caroline, were in flames. The wind was high, and the night intensely cold, so that very little could be done, and he saw more than half of all he possessed laid in ruins. How the fire originated none knew, nor could even conjecture.—A general sympathy was felt, and an offer was made to restore the loss by subscription, but he declined the honor intended, believing that he had a sufficiency left to supply his wants. Time passed smoothly on, and Richard was happy in the society of his wife and child; but difficulties were in store for him, which in the generosity of his heart he had not foreseen. Through kindness alone, he had endorsed for two of his friends who had now become insolvent, and he saw that it would nearly strip him of all he possessed to pay the amounts.—Having just been admitted to the bar, he paid the debts of his friends; and prepared to support his family by the exertions of those talents which God had given him. The very first case he had to manage in court, was between Thomas Lawrence, plaintiff, and Henry Scarborough, defendant. It was a case of *crim. con.* and Richard Brinsley was engaged on the side opposed to Henry Scarborough; the man who had blasted the happiness of his friend, by seducing his wife from the paths of virtue. So great was Richard's sense of honor that he had determined never to be engaged on the side of a man, who he believed had outraged the laws and proven himself an enemy to virtue. The case came on, and the eloquence of Brinsley 'gained him golden opinions from all sorts of people.' He portrayed the heinous crime of seduction in all its glaring deformity. He described the happiness of the married pair; he portrayed in glowing colors the Eden of their young affections, and portrayed to the jury the beauty, the accomplishments, and amiability of the young wife, whose character had been destroyed, and whose happiness had been blasted.

'Yes, gentlemen,' said the eloquent advocate—'he crawled like a serpent into the Eden bowers of love, and stung the bosom of unsuspecting and slumbering innocence. The poison rankled in his veins, and froze the genial current in his heart. In one dark hour his home was made desolate, his children motherless, and all his bright hopes of future happiness blighted in the bud by a man who though a savage, professed to be a christian; by a man, who though a demon, pretended to be his friend. Mark that blighted husband now. He goes not to a home made happy by the smiles of a beautiful and virtuous wife; his children climb not his knees to share his kiss—no, they are all in tears at the loss of their mother, and he the unhappy father, abstracted and forlorn, roves the streets at midnight upbraiding the man who in the garb of a friend had plundered the jewel of his joy from the temple of innocence and virtue, and thrust a dagger to the heart that trusted to his benevolence and confided in his mercy. But talk not of his mercy, for it is a profanation—it is with such mercy that the tiger tears the lamb from the fold and reeks his fangs in its innocent blood. It is with such mercy that the cruel Condor bears in its clutches the innocent and unoffending kid. Talk of violated faith and friendship; talk of a broken and bleeding heart; talk of a beautiful and lovely woman prostituted to licentious and hellish desires; but, Oh! God, never mention the mercy of a voluptuous and abandoned libertine. The man who would thus blast the hopes and happiness of a friend, and plunder from the altar of wedded love, the diadem of innocence, would not hesitate to commit any act in the path of his hellish career.'

Thus did the orator proceed till his whole audience were in tears, and even the defendant hung his head, as if touched with a pang of repentance, and the stings of scorpion remorse. Damages to the amount of several thousand dollars were obtained from a unanimous jury; and the fame of the attorney forever established. Henry Scarborough left New Haven, and retired to the town of R——, cherishing, if possible, a hatred towards Richard Brinsley, tenfold more bitter than before, and avowing that he would be revenged if an opportunity offered during life. Whether through design or accident, is not known, but he retired to the same town in which Julia Brinsley the sister of Richard resided.

Julia Brinsley, now sixteen years of age, had grown up a lovely girl; had left the boarding school in Boston, and had come to the house of a widowed aunt, in the town of R——. Henry Scarborough was acquainted with a young lady by the name of Browne, who introduced him into the family of Julia's aunt, Mrs. Southby. Here he soon ingratiated himself by pretending to great purity of morals, and veneration of religion; Mrs. Southby and Julia both being pious. Henry Scarborough, had studied the arts of dissimulation, and might be said at this time, to be an accomplished and splendid villain, for by speculation he had made considerable sums of money, independently of what his father had given him. He attended church regularly, affected to feel great pleasure in the society of religious persons, and even said grace at the table of Mrs. Southby; thus making himself at once the favorite of the two ladies, and so dexterously did he manage his deceit that they did not at all see through his disguise or mark his moral deformity. Julia often wrote to her brother, and mentioned the agreeable guest so frequently at the house of her aunt, but omitting in playfulness to mention his name. Richard did not once dream that it was his bitter enemy, who was winding himself into the affections of his dear and only sister. From her high wrought description of his wealth, of his moral and religious character and amiability of manners, he imagined the prospect a good one, and recommended his sister to give him her affections, if the gentleman offered to address her. The fascinating Julia was delighted with his letter, and shewed it to her aunt with evident satisfaction. The fact was, Julia's young and susceptible heart was already smitten with the piety and great personal beauty of the stranger, and as it ever is the case at sixteen, she did not require a great deal of persuasion to love.

'But you should beware, my dear,' said the good hearted Mrs. Southby—'men are not always what they appear to be. At your age, when the heart is pure and unpractised, it is easy to be deceived by the blandishments of a polished gentleman. He is a gentleman—but it is well enough to be on your guard.'

'You have certainly, my dear aunt, never supposed for a moment, that he is any thing else,' exclaimed the fair Julia; her dark languishing eyes laughing, and her cheeks reddening as she spoke.

'No, my dear, I have never supposed any thing else,' returned Mrs. Southby—'but still human nature is imperfect, and liable to err at the best, and therefore it becomes us to be on our guard.'

'If ever you should have cause, to even think, that he is any thing but a gentleman,' said Julia, after a pause—'I would forbid him the house, and never suffer myself to see him again.'

'You shall never have cause to think so,' said Henry Scarborough to himself, as he stood outside listening at the window; 'for I will manage my card better than all that, for your good brother's sake.'

'I am sure it would be the death of me, if any harm should come to you,' continued Mrs. Southby.

At this moment the door opened, and Henry Scarborough entered, bowing, with a book in his hand. Julia's eyes sparkled with evident delight as she looked up into his handsome face, and bade him be seated.

'I have brought you a book, Miss Julia,' said the wily hypocrite—'which I wish you to read.'

'I will do so with pleasure, if it is a good one,' returned the modest girl, with a blush.

'I would not desire you to read any other, my dear Julia,' returned Henry—'It is the Evidences of Christianity, which I think you will agree is a good subject. I think you will thank me when you have read it for the opportunity; for it indeed inculcates the best of moral and religious principles. I am fully persuaded that if the greatest skeptic in the world would calmly study that work, he would at once confess that all the doctrines of infidelity are futile, and that the truth of christianity is beyond contradiction. Simply as a system of ethics, there is nothing equal to the Gospel.'

'You are then a friend to, and a firm believer in the truths of the Gospel,' enquired Julia.

'I am a decided advocate,' returned Scarborough, thoughtfully and solemnly—'and even admitting as the infidel asserts, that there is no hereafter; and that man perishes in death like the ox, yet I would say give us christianity, for it makes better citizens, better society, and fits man for the true enjoyments of life.'

'Ay, what would be the consequence,' exclaimed Julia—'if the Gospel were banished from our bosoms?'

'For an example,' answered Scarborough—'you need but turn to the page of French history, which records the deeds of the latter part of the last century, horrible deeds, too dark to be contemplated. No sooner was christianity abolished than the 'Reign of Terror' commenced; the bloody tyrant Robespierre, swayed the reeking sceptre of France, and the lives and property of men hung upon the will of one licentious and abandoned man. Every tie which connected and bound society was dissolved, and virtue, talent, beauty and wealth, and innocence, were alike made victims, at the shrine of Robespierre's hellish ambition. The heads of the highest, the noblest, and most distinguished, fell from the guillotine with a rapidity unparalleled in the annals of any nation; and may God grant that such scenes may never again disgrace the earth. France, was truly at that moment——'

'My heart sickens at the very thought of the evils of infidelity,' exclaimed Julia—unthoughtedly interrupting him; 'and I am glad you have brought me this book, which will strengthen my belief in the great truths of christianity.'

Mrs. Southby left the room at this moment, and the eyes of Julia and Henry met, interchanging mutual though silent vows. A crimson glow came and went on the cheeks of Julia, and Henry read in the language of her dark and heavenly eyes, the characters of generous and genuine passion. Though they had been acquainted but two or three months; yet Julia hesitated not to confess to herself, that she loved with all the ardour and constancy of sixteen. Henry gazed upon her charms of form and face, with a voluptuous ecstacy; but his was a feeling altogether unallied to that which dwelt in her own young and unpolluted bosom. Brilliant were the dreams of Julia, when Scarborough had retired; and she sat at the window, gazing upon the bright moon that threw her silver mantle over creation. In her romantic visions, she pictured the happy future, and gave to it a coloring too bright for the dull realities of life.—Thus, however, the young heart is ever sanguine, and if there was ever one superlatively happy it was Julia, for she had never before loved, and had never yet been disappointed.

Henry Scarborough saw Julia every day, he bowed down at the shrine of her beauty, and poured into her ear the warm, and she believed sincere and pure protestations of his heart. He vowed unalterable attachment, and at length at his earnest request, she vowed eternal constancy.

It was a beautiful afternoon in July, when Henry and Julia came in from a stroll in the fields and woodlands, and seated themselves in the little parlor fronting the main street of the town, though there was a long green yard and avenue of trees before the house. They had been enjoying a long walk, and Henry had been expatiating on the benevolence of the Creator, displayed in the creation. The book was now produced, and led to another conversation on the subject of the evidences of pure religion.

'I believe,' said Henry—'that the evidence in the heart of the pardoning love of God, is as plain as the evidence now is in my heart, that I love you. The change in the heart is as plain in the one case as in the other; and what man is there that ever loved woman, and was not conscious in the change of his heart?'

'Oh! aunt, dear aunt, what carriage is that which has just stopped at our gate?' exclaimed the gay little Julia, as she sprang from her seat, and ran to the window.

'Indeed my dear, I do not know, but go you into the yard and see,' said the good hearted aunt.

In a moment Julia was gone, leaving her aunt and Henry still engaged in conversation.

'My own dear brother, Richard,' exclaimed Julia, gasping for breath—'I am extremely happy to see you.'

'My charming sister, that happiness is reciprocated,' said Richard, grasping her tiny hand.—'What company have you, for I am unfit to appear before company, with my muddy boots and soiled clothes?'

'None at all, but the handsome gentleman, I mentioned to you in my letters, and he will be glad to see you'—returned Julia, and her cheek crimsoned with the warm glow of modesty—'you will be pleased with him.'

Richard stepped into the parlor first, shook hands with his aunt, and then turned—the eyes of Richard Brinsley and Henry Scarborough met, and a withering look from the latter, and a cold nod of recognition from the former followed. Mrs. Southby and Julia, both noticed what passed, and were thunder struck. It was a powerful shock to Richard, and he stood for a moment completely bewildered and amazed.

'Do you come here to seek another victim to your hellish lust,' asked Richard, turning his gaze full upon the face of Scarborough. 'Not satisfied with the revenge you have gratified upon me without a cause; do you come here under the sacred garb of religion, to betray a young and innocent girl, who never injured you—and whose affections you have won, but to trample in the dust? Go, and beware, least the avenging arm of an injured brother, should smote you to the earth. I can bear your injuries myself—but I cannot endure a wrong done or offered to that helpless and harmless girl.

Henry, whose plans had been deeply laid, submitted in silence—took his hat, and left the house. Scarcely had he crossed the threshold when Julia, to whom the foregoing scene was inexplicable, looked up into the eyes of her brother; covered her face with her hands, and burst into tears.—Her feelings had been violated—for she looked upon Henry as immaculate in virtue; and did not understand the meaning of the words which had fallen with so much acrimony from the lips of her brother. Richard spared the feelings of his gentle sister for the present; and she soothed her sorrow with the hope that her brother acted only in revenge for some trifling injury, or supposed breach of faith, which she should be able to heal. The next morning Richard, Mrs. Southby and Julia, were seated in the same little parlor.

'Was that the man whose virtue and other noble qualities, you extolled so highly Julia, in your letters to me,' said Richard, gazing in his sister's face—'Is he the gentleman who conversed so fluently on religion?'

'My dear brother, your are mistaken in his character, I am sure'—said Julia, her eyes filling with tears.

'You certainly must be,' added Mrs. Southby—'or he is the greatest hypocrite in the world.'

'That he certainly is,' returned Richard—'and I am not unacquainted with his true character, though I never speak ill of a man when I can avoid it.—It is however, absolutely necessary now, and I shall give you his dark history. Henry Scarborough conceived a mortal aversion to me some years ago at College, though I gave him no cause, and he sought every opportunity to injure my character and person. He waylaid and attacked me, but I proved too much for him, and he then endeavored to ruin me by slanderous reports among the ladies of New Haven. He failed—and then attempted to break off my marriage with Caroline Bowers.—In this, he also failed—but I had scarcely been married, ere my property was burnt to the ground—though I had no proof by which I could convict any person.'

'Oh! my brother, you are too severe,' sobbed Julia, throwing herself in the arms of her aunt.

'Nay, I am not—it is my desire to save you from the hands of a merciless libertine, and——'

'And break my heart, and blast my happiness'—screamed Julia, weeping in the bitterness of grief.

'Say not so, my dear girl, but be thankful that you will escape from a man who has no mercy for your sex, and no veneration for your virtue. If modesty would permit, I could relate an instance of cold blooded villainy seldom surpassed, but take my word for it, you have escaped a fate worse than death.'

'And fallen into one that death only can relieve me from,' said Julia, wiping her bright eyes.

'Are you then bound to him by ties stronger than those which would admonish you to fly from danger?'

'I am bound,' continued Julia—'by ties that are sacred, by vows that have been heard in Heaven!'

Richard was thunder struck—and persuaded her to accompany him to New Haven, as the only plan by which to keep her from the presence of Henry Scarborough, in which he succeeded, and set off the next day. There was still an indistinct notion in the mind of Julia, that her brother had magnified the faults of Henry through some private pique of his own, judged from the forbearance and seeming virtue of her lover, that he was indeed worthy still of her regard.

Henry Scarborough was mortally disappointed, but he resolved to have revenge for the past.

'Well, Tom, the bird has flown,' exclaimed he to his comrade, at the tavern; 'and I shall soon follow.'

And sure enough, Henry Scarborough was seen soon after, walking the streets of New Haven, arm in arm with Tom Jones; but he did not visit the beautiful Julia Brinsley.

'Well, Tom,' said the heartless Henry, 'I have a scheme in my head, which if you will aid me to accomplish, I will reward you handsomely, and furnish you the money to carry on the business.'

'If it is honorable, I will do it with pleasure,' exclaimed Tom, whose mouth watered at the name of money; for he was needy—too proud to work, had no one to depend on, and moreover, delighted to play the gentleman, dress finely, gamble, and make a show. But for Tom to talk of honor, was really laughable.

'Oh! there is nothing dishonorable in it, sir,' continued Henry, 'but you shall know I have a stratagem in view to get the lovely Julia into my arms, who loves me to distraction, and whose brother, through hatred to me will not suffer me to see her. Now I will furnish you with money to buy up all Richard Brinsley's paper you can find, giving the full amount for it, if you cannot get it for less; and then I desire you to push him immediately, and if he cannot pay throw him into jail. He has been an enemy to me, and I am the same to him.'

'Oh! I see nothing dishonorable in that,' exclaimed Tom, who was impatient for the money; 'for my precept has ever been to do unto others as they do to me. So let's to the business as soon as possible.'

Tom was directed to go round and discover who had paper on Richard Brinsley, and then secretly come to him for the money. This was done, and Tom Jones made a call upon Richard Brinsley for the money to his utter astonishment and dismay; yet the business had been managed so adroitly that he did not suspect, or even dream that Henry Scarborough was at the bottom of it. Tom Jones was an utter stranger to Richard, and hence he concluded that he lived by shaving other people's notes. In attempting to rebuild the property burnt, Richard had become involved, yet had time been allowed him, he could easily have paid the amounts by his continually increasing practice at the Bar. But Henry Scarborough's revenge was not satiated, and he caused a report to be circulated that he was about to break, and that his effects would not pay half the amount of the claims. This report alarmed the creditors, and a general push was made, and sure enough the property sold in an unfinished state, did not pay much more than half the debts against him. The oldest claims were satisfied first, and with the exception of a small part, the claim in the hands of Tom Jones remained unpaid. A gloomy dungeon was now before his eyes, and he begged to be favored, as he could pay the money within a certain time. But he was informed that a few hours were all that he would be favored with. Richard then applied to certain persons whom he had favored in one way or another, but none of them had the money, though they all were sorry for his inability, and would fain assist him if it were in their power. One firm to whom he had applied had been in flourishing business, established on his credit; for another, he had gained a large amount in a law suit, which had been considered as next to good for nothing; and for a third, he had endorsed to the injury of his own credit, though it proved to the benefit of his friend. Thus it ever is, when we can help ourselves, and need not the aid of others, we can have friends by the score, but so soon as necessity bids us call for their aid they are gone like bees, that suck sweets from the flower, and have exhausted its store.

The next morning, as Richard was sitting at the table with his wife, sister and little daughter, the knocker was struck with violence, and all started as if it had been the summons of death. Caroline turned pale and trembled, while the terrified Julia went through the passage, and opened the front door. The next moment the kind hearted sheriff, Mr. Benson, entered the room, and bowed to all present.

'I am very sorry, Mr. Brinsley,' said he, 'but I am under the painful necessity of taking you to prison.'

A loud shrill scream pierced the ears of all present, and the unhappy wife fell fainting in the arms of Julia. Tears stood in the eyes of Richard, as he bent over the insensible Caroline for a moment, till she began to revive; then left the room with Mr. Benson, to be conveyed to that prison, where the most honorable are often punished for their misfortunes. Upon an old bench, in a miserably dark and filthy room in the prison, the wretched Richard who had been endeavoring all his life to do good to his fellow men, sat down to meditate on the hollow heartedness of a cold unfeeling world, and on the transitory nature of all human possessions.

'But yesterday, as it were,' he mentally exclaimed—'I considered myself rich in the world's goods, and the world's best affections—but to-day, to-day, what am I? Stripped of all I possessed, and thrown into a dungeon without a friend to sympathize; I have the mortification to behold my beloved wife, my sister, and my child, turn beggars upon that world, which but yesterday, worshipped us in the career of prosperity. Alas! how changeable are human affections! How vain the name of a friend, which we so highly appreciate.'

Caroline recovered from her fainting fit, but to be seized by a violent fever, so stubborn in its character, as to alarm even the physician, who attended her. The news of Richard's incarceration spread over the city, and the ladies feeling the utmost indignation at the result, flocked to the house of Richard, and ministered like angels to the wants of the suffering and devoted wife. Richard was informed by Tom Jones, of the dangerous illness of his wife; and distraction seized his mind to a degree almost bordering on madness. His fancy pictured to him his dying wife, yet he could not fly to her side, to embrace her, and receive her last blessing.

It was in such a frame of feeling that Richard sat brooding over his many misfortunes, when the door of the prison opened, and Henry Scarborough entered. Surprise sat upon the features of Richard.

'You no doubt wonder, at seeing me here,' said Henry—'but I, who was once your enemy, am now your friend. Your wife lies dangerously ill, and you are here confined without the power to see her. Sympathy for your situation, seeing that your *friends* have deserted you, has changed the feelings of your enemy, and I come to offer you liberty. You here feel what I have felt in being debarred from the society of Julia, the only woman I ever adored, and it lies mutually in our power now to give liberty——'

'Do you come here to insult me,' exclaimed Richard, 'by offering me liberty at the expense of my sister's prostitution? Leave me, and triumph not over a man already crushed by misfortune.'

'Nay, you do not understand me. I have long since repented of my errors, and reformed my ways. I desire nothing that is not honorable; I wish to atone for the wrongs I have done you by becoming your friend, and by setting you at liberty. Jones will take me as your security, and you can pay me at your leisure. I again assure you that I desire nothing but what is purely and strictly honorable.'

Struck with the sincerity of his manner, and the assurance that he had reformed, which seemed to be corroborated by the opinions expressed before by Julia and her aunt, Richard hesitated. The desire to see his wife, believing that his liberty would favor her recovery, and anxious to make a friend of an ancient and bitter enemy, he after many assurances consented; and they both left the prison to the great joy of Caroline and Julia. The body is often resuscitated through the mind, and it was thus with Caroline. The joy she felt at her husband's release, caused a sudden change in her disease, and she rapidly recovered.

Julia, the fascinating Julia, was now as happy as she could live. She had never believed that Henry Scarborough was any thing else than a moral, intelligent and well bred gentleman; and indeed, he had always appeared before her in that character. She never had cause to believe any thing else, and like all mankind, she believed the evidence of her own senses in preference to the evidence or assertions of any one else. We never readily recognise that which we believe to be impossible, and hence Julia did not see through the disguise of Henry. Dazzled by his brightness, she looked not through a glass to discover his spots.

Henry became an every day visitor at the house of Richard, whose extensive business kept him away the greater part of the day. The moral and religious conversation of Henry, and his upright conduct lulled every suspicion of the watchful brother, and threw him off his guard.

'I have gained the heart and hand of the fair Julia,' said Henry one day, as Richard was counting down to him the last of the money he owed him; 'and we now only wait your sanction to be united in the bonds of matrimony.'

'You have my consent,' returned Richard, with a good natured smile, 'and may all happiness attend you.'

It was the desire of Julia, with the approbation of Henry, that they should be married at the house of her aunt, where she had in courtship passed some of the happiest days of her life. It was agreed that after they were united they should return, and reside in New Haven. Accordingly they set off the next day, and expected to return in a week.—They had travelled but a few miles, and were approaching a road that turned off to the left and led to Saratoga, when the idea apparently just struck Henry of going to the Springs.

'Nay, not till we are married,' said Julia, 'and then all anxiety, and——'

'But'—said Henry, 'it will then be many miles out of our way, and I have near relatives there.'

There was no time to deliberate as they had come to the road, and in the gentleness of her heart, Julia consented. After a few days loitering they arrived at Saratoga, and took lodgings. The great beauty of the two strangers made a great stir among the visitors; and among others introduced to Julia, was the Reverend Dr. Spangloss, who she thought favored some one she had seen. Henry became very desirous that Dr. Spangloss should marry them on the spot, as he was a worthy man and a celebrated divine. Julia reminded him of their promise to her brother and aunt, but had finally to yield to the earnest desire of Henry.—Matters were accordingly arranged and they were united at the hotel that night, by Dr. Spangloss.—The reader must be informed that this celebrated Dr. Spangloss, was no other than the notorious Tom Jones, who stood so much upon his honor in sending Richard Brinsley to prison. He had been ordered to be at Saratoga to perform the outrageous imposition, which was to doom an innocent woman to prostitution without her knowledge. A large fee was the reward of Tom Jones's villainy—and the fear of punishment in his own person urged him to keep the secret. Poor Julia was extremely happy, and seemed almost to idolize the man who was dooming her to lasting misery, and had already made her what she would sooner have died than acknowledged. A week or two of unalloyed happiness was passed by Julia at Saratoga; when she received the astounding intelligence from the man she supposed to be her husband, that she must prepare for a journey to New York, as he had determined on making that his future place of residence. Vague and undefined fears now harrassed the soul of Julia, and she begged, remonstrated, and reminded him of the promise made to her brother. An angry and positive refusal on the part of Henry, sealed with an oath, satisfied her at the same time, that she must submit, and that he was not the moral and religious character she had fancied. Yet, notwithstanding her vague fears, she ascribed his conduct to peevishness, and with the sanguine hope of woman, she looked forward to better and happier days. She therefore submitted in silence, and prepared for the journey.

In the mean time, the unhappy brother doomed to constant disappointment and misfortune, finding that the time had long expired, and they did not return, became alarmed, and immediately repaired to the house of his aunt, in the town of R——, who informed him to his dismay that they had not been there; though she had made every preparation for their marriage. Distraction seized upon the soul of Richard, and he determined upon pursuit, but whither should he go! He knew not the course they had taken. The next day, however, a gentleman from Saratoga, informed him that they were there, *in the character of man and wife.* The conviction now flashed upon the mind of Richard, that the unfortunate Julia had fallen a victim to the infernal arts of Scarborough; and he immediately set off with all speed for Saratoga. Upon the road his mind was harrassed with a thousand fears, and yet the hope buoyed him up that he would not be too late to save her from pollution.—In a state of mind too terrible long to endure, he arrived at Saratoga, and enquired for his ill-fated sister. The keeper of a hotel recollected that a Mr. Scarborough and his lady had been there, but whither they had gone no one knew. Dazzled for a moment with the hope that they might have been married, and again cast down by the conviction that she was the dupe of an accomplished and designing villain. Richard was prostrated upon a bed of sickness, and continued for some days to get worse and worse. A letter from the landlord bore the melancholy intelligence to his alarmed wife, Caroline—and she immediately started post haste towards Saratoga. When she arrived she found her husband raving in a paroxysm of delirium, and the gentle Caroline, like an angel, administered to his wants through the long tedious hours of the night. Six long weeks slowly passed away, ere Richard recovered sufficiently to move on his feet. Dispirited and heartbroken, he turned his weary steps toward home, his only consolation the soothing accents of the fond and devoted Caroline.

To return to Henry. He had arrived in New York, and had taken lodgings for Julia at an obscure boarding house in a retired part of the city; and for himself, at one of the fashionable hotels, where he only however, took his meals. When Julia enquired of him the cause of this strange demeanor, he excused himself by saying that certain private business rendered it necessary. A few months passed in this way, and Julia could not divine the reason that her brother had never answered her letters, for she had written repeatedly. The truth was, she had given the letters to Henry and he had destroyed them, without her ever having entertained the least suspicion of the fact.—There was another source of unhappiness to Julia, which was that Henry began to relax in his attentions to her comfort and convenience, and frequently remained from her some days. She kindly remonstrated with him in tears on his conduct and neglect, and he returned it by a gruff answer that he was his own man, and had a right to spend his time in the company that was most agreeable to him, and that if she would be treated well she must be silent.

'Oh! Henry,' exclaimed Julia, throwing her arms round his neck, which he repulsed, 'there was a time when you loved me, and when you would not have used such language for the world. But ah! how must the unhappy Julia be changed, since she can no longer claim the smiles of her husband, who declares while her heart is beating only for him, that there is company and smiles more agreeable than her's.'

'This mawkish sensibility Julia, ill becomes you,' said Henry, putting away the hand that had clasped his own. 'I am tired of so much complaining and upbraiding, it becomes you to submit in silence.'

Julia said not another word, but after gazing for a moment in Henry's face, she covered her own with her hands and burst into a flood of tears, sobbing bitterly as with a broken heart.

'Will you never be done with this nonsense,' said Henry, starting upon his feet, 'I am sick of it to death.'

'And of me too, I fear,' said the heart broken Julia.

'Ay, if you will have it so,' returned Henry, 'but you should recollect that you have no right to demand extraordinary attention from me, as you are but the——'

'In the name of all that is sacred Henry, what do you mean?' asked Julia, starting from the sofa.

'I mean simply that you are a pensioner on my bounty, and that you are——'

'Oh! my husband,' exclaimed Julia, bursting into tears again, and not comprehending his full meaning. 'It is unkind, it is cruel, thus to taunt me with my poverty, as if it were a crime. I have loved you with all my heart, and your happiness has ever been the object of my greatest solicitude. In the sight of Heaven you are my husband, and you will not, you cannot doom me to neglect and misery, whom you have sworn to cherish and protect. Oh! no; and though I have been told that you have sought the smiles of a worthless woman in the city, I have never believed that my Henry would be guilty of such conduct. No, no; I cannot bear the thought that the heart which you have so often vowed should be mine alone, should ever be possessed or even shared by another.'

Henry now coolly took up his hat, and as he left the room muttered to himself something which she did not hear. The lady of the house, however, overheard the following, as she stood behind a door.

'You need not taunt me with a mistress, for though you do not know it you are only one yourself.'

The listener who had overheard this, and indeed the whole conversation, was thunder struck. She had always given full credence to the tale of their marriage, and had become attached to Julia, believing her to be an amiable and upright wife, who was soon to become a mother. She now became alarmed as Julia would soon be confined, and Henry might leave her helpless and unprovided for. Mrs. Bradley had seen a good deal of the world in New York, and she feared that Julia in her critical condition, might be left a pensioner on her bounty. She therefore determined to call upon Mr. Scarborough for the money he owed her—and then inform them that she could no longer accommodate them. This was sad intelligence to Julia, for she had learned to love Mrs. Bradley as a mother, and whose valuable services in the hour of need, she calculated would be greatly to her advantage. Mrs. Bradley rendered several excuses for thus doing, but none of them was the right one. She had promised Julia she would be a mother to her in confinement, and now she was ordered to leave the house. It was a mystery which Julia could not unravel, and she therefore made preparation for her departure, with a sad and sorrowful heart. With all the eloquence she was mistress of, she urged Henry to return to the residence of her aunt, or that of her brother, but without effect. He rented a small house in a cheerless part of the suburbs of the city; far removed from the gay and lively world. The contrast between this and even her former residence was striking—and Julia wept as she sat alone in one of its dreary apartments. Every thing reminded her of the increasing carelessness of her almost worshipped Henry, and that too, at a period when she was in need of every kindness and assistance. One domestic only attended her, and ministered to her wants. Days elapsed without her seeing him, who would willingly have shaken her off, if his conscience would have suffered him to do so at such a period. The small degree of affection which had crept into his heart in spite of him still burnt upon its altar, and he could not violate it by an act of outrageous desertion, that a beast would not be guilty of. He therefore merely kept up the show of kindness and protection.

Day after day did Julia sit at the window, and watch for the approach of him who possessed all her young affections—yet deserved them not.—Tears were seen stealing from her still beautiful dark eyes as she thought of the past, when she was idolized by a fond aunt and brother, who had used every means to accomplish and render her worthy the affections of the happy man of her choice. She contrasted the happy days of the past with the present, and at the thought of her neglect and lonely situation, she wept bitterly. Her friends too must in anger have cast her off, as they had never answered one of the many letters she had written to them. Late one afternoon, her heart was lit up with a momentary glow of gladness, as she saw Henry approaching her lonely habitation; but her happiness was of short duration, for he had been at the wine table, and was moreover in a morose mood and ill humour.

'I am glad to see you, my dear Henry, once more,' said the half smiling, half tearful Julia, taking his hand.

'Here is a letter, I desire you to take to the post-office; it is to my dear brother.'

'Your *dear* brother cares little for you,' sneered the intoxicated Henry, 'but if you are so desirous of the protection of your brother, you may go; and I will take a journey with one who will give up all for me.'

'Oh! for Heaven's sake, Henry, my husband—you will not leave me in my forlorn situation,' screamed Julia, as she clung to him with a convulsive grasp. 'You cannot, you will not leave your devoted wife.'

'It is necessary for you to know,' returned Henry, 'that you are not my wife, but my mistress, and—'

A wild scream rung in his ears, the hand that had grasped his relaxed its hold, and Julia, the wretched Julia, lay stretched, and fainting by his side. The moon was just sinking below the western horizon, when Julia awoke to her situation between midnight and day. The room was dark, and when her recollection of the past returned to her mind she felt for Henry, and found that he was gone. The reader may imagine, but it is entirely beyond my power to picture or portray her despair. She at the same moment awoke to the consciousness that she had been made the innocent victim of a villain's arts; that she was in a large city without money and without friends—and that she was in a helpless and forlorn condition. How could she thus polluted, ever dare to return to the home of her brother; who had so often warned her to beware of a man who would trample in the dust the most sacred ties, and triumph over the heart that loved to madness. But how could she remain in New York, when demands were continually made for rent, for services, and the numerous necessaries of life. Thus Julia mused and mourned till the morning light gilded the lofty spires of the city. Julia arose from the bed on which she had thrown herself the evening before, knelt down on the floor, and prayed fervently for assistance in the hour of need. She had scarcely risen upon her feet, when her eyes fell upon a purse of gold, which Henry, she supposed had left upon the bed, either designedly or through mistake. She felt thankful, and opened a written note which read as follows.

'Infatuated man that I am! Scarcely have I become enamoured of one woman, ere my affections are stolen by another, and now instead of the once fascinating Julia, I am the slave of the beautiful French girl, Adelaide de Longueville; whom I am about to fly with from the home of her father. In playing you a trick to revenge an injury I received from your brother—I fear I have heaped too much injury upon you; and I sincerely ask your pardon, wishing you every possible happiness.

Yours, truly, H. SCARBOROUGH.'

Julia read this cold blooded mockery of feeling and repentance, and so gentle, and forgiving was she in her disposition that she pitied his errors, and plead with her own neglected, forsaken, and bleeding heart, in extenuation of his outrageous conduct. In this uncomplaining and submissive spirit, she was confined without a kind hand to minister to her wants, save that of the domestic who lived with her; and she was threatening to leave her on account of the fear that she would not be remunerated for her services. This threat she put in execution a few days after taking with her the remainder of Julia's money, and leaving her pennyless in her helpless condition. All one day and night was Julia left alone, without a living soul to assist her or her infant. Many and multiplied were the sufferings of that innocent woman.

In the morning she was aroused from a feverish sleep, by the entrance of a man who was standing at the bedside gazing upon her; his countenance working with emotion, and tears gushing from his eyes. She at once recognized in him her brother Richard, and mistook his look of horror and pity, for one of upbraiding and scorn, owing to her fevering state and the flightiness of her mind.

"Do not upbraid your poor heartbroken and forlorn sister, she exclaimed, while her bosom heaved with emotion, and the tears streamed down her pale face; 'for I have suffered more than enough to cancel in the sight of Heaven all my crimes. But say you will forgive me, and though blasted in the sight of the world, I shall be happy. Say you will forgive me, and though I roam the world neglected, I shall be happy.'

Richard choaked with emotion, whispered forgiveness, then sat down on the bedside and wept some time. He remained with his sister a week or two longer, till she could be removed, and then set off to New Haven; the scene of many a happy hour to Julia, but the sight of which now for the first time, gave her pain. A general sympathy was felt for her—yet notwithstanding the kindness shown, she appeared every day to fade away, till all her friends supposed her to be in a decline.—She lingered on two or three years the victim of consumption, brought on by grief and suffering, and then gradually sunk into an untimely grave, admired and mourned by her friends, and the object of universal regret. The name of the unworthy Henry lingered on her lips to the latest breath; and she frequently expressed her forgiveness for all the wrongs and injuries offered her by the man whom she had so faithfully and so fondly loved.—Thus did this once beautiful and gentle creature, still keep alive on the altar of her heart, the flame of love for one who better deserved a hatred, than the undying regard of a lovely woman. Her daughter grew up, and ran a career fortunate beyond the most sanguine anticipations of her wretched and amiable mother. Her history may perhaps be given in a future story.

'It is with aversion that I turn from the death bed and the grave of the young, the beautiful, and accomplished Julia, to pursue the career of the guilty and heartless libertine, Henry Scarborough. He fled from New York, as the reader has been informed, with a young French girl, the idol of her father's heart. He was pursued, but for a long time eluded the pursuit, until at length he was taken, and carried back to New York, there to be tried for abduction and seduction. On the first count, he was convicted and sent to prison, for a length of time not recollected. There was some other crime, however, for which he was also committed. He served out the time, came forth, and went no one knew whither.'

Years passed away, and Richard Brinsley had become rich, and had received many high honors, among which was that he had been several times elected to Congress, and the State Legislature, and was now Chief Justice. Of late he had travelled much. It was in the spring of 18—, that he was travelling with his family through the State of New York, and stopped to examine the new prison at Sing Sing. He had examined many of the cells, when his attention was directed to one from which proceeded heart rending groans, and the rattling of heavy irons.

'That cell contains a wretched man,' said the keeper, 'who has run a career of villainy, according to his own account, the bare recital of which would make you shudder. He has once been a man of wealth and respectability, and it makes my heart bleed when I view his condition, and think of the unbridled passions which have brought him to his present miserable fate.'

'For what crime has he been brought here?' inquired the judge, 'and what is his name?'

'He has spent a number of years in different prisons,' resumed the keeper, 'but the one which last brought him here was forgery, committed on a gentleman of Albany. In endeavoring to escape he killed the keeper, my predecessor; and is now under sentence of death! He has assumed so many names that it is difficult to discover the real one, though he generally goes by that of Tom Jones.'

The judge started with surprise, as the keeper threw open the massive door, and discovered the unhappy man. In a moment he recognized the wretched Henry Scarborough, who had been his deadly enemy; and whose conduct had brought his respectable and grey haired father to the grave. The guilty culprit cowered beneath the gaze of the man he had injured, and the judge gazed with emotion at the lovely young girl at his side, the daughter of the criminal before him. When he was informed that the young lady, who had just been taken away to spare her the mortification, was his daughter; the intelligence was more than he could bear, though scathed by crime, and he covered his face with his hands, and wept bitterly. He then earnestly begged that he might see her again, and speak to her, which was refused through regard to her feelings. He desired that the remains of his property might be secured to his daughter; and that the property which had fallen to him by his father's recent death, might be divided between Richard and the young Julia. After the necessary arrangements were made they left the prison, resigning to his fate a man who had brought upon himself the vengeance of violated law. In passing along the gloomy passage a man was seen in another cell, who was recognized as the real Tom Jones, who had lately been committed for life for the commission of a dreadful crime. Tom was a fellow on whom repentence worked no miracles, being of a reckless, devilish, and fearless character.

'I say my old boy,' cried Tom, as the judge halted to look at him, 'I'm now in the same predicament that I once placed your honor, though I'm not quite so certain I shall stay here.'

'I presume you will stay till you get tired,' said the keeper, smiling at the fellow's pertness.

'I guess I can come out feet foremost, if no other way,' returned Tom, with a hearty laugh.

Shocked at his levity, the judge proceeded onward towards the door, sick of such a scene.

'I say friend,' bawled Tom, "I should like to buy some more of your paper.'

Upon returning home, and searching into the business, Henry's father had bequeathed the whole of his large estate to his grand daughter Julia, with the exception of a large legacy to Richard.

The night before the day on which Henry was to have been executed, he hung himself with a silk handkerchief; and thus ended the career of a man, who, had he curbed his passions, might have been an honor to the community in which he lived, and an ornament to the nation.

Judge Brinsley still lives with a smiling family around him, and with all that can render life agreeable, and old age honorable. The younger Julia is still in the pride of beauty and grace.

## —SUNDAY READING.—

### HARVEST HYMN.

*Written by Alonzo Lewis, Esq. of Lynn, Mass.*

When nature slept in dark repose,
And nought was seen or felt or known,
In might the great Creator rose,
And light and love through chaos shone.
Then earth was formed in beauty fair,
And verdure clothed each fertile mound,
But all was wild and useless there,
And not a man to till the ground.

'Twas then the first of human race
From his primeval silence sprang;
He stood in majesty and grace,
While morning stars together sang.
Go—said the Word—my purpose aid,
Thine all the realms beneath the sun;
For thee each plant, each fruit was made;
Complete the plan by me begun.

Man heard—obeyed—and lo, the earth,
Beneath his hand new beauty wears;
Each plant assumes a second birth,
Each tree a greener foliage bears,
As if to him Creative power
From God's productive hand were given,
New fruits are formed with varied flower
And richer beauty blooms to heaven!

Where once a desert forest lay,
Fair fields and graceful gardens shine;
The conquered wastes their tribute pay,
And thus fulfill the will divine.
Then let our hearts, like fertile soil,
To heaven their fruit in season send,
To Him who bade the Farmer toil,
To him who is the Farmer's friend.

### THE BURIAL.

Departed soul, whose poor remains
This hallow'd lowly grave contains;
Whose passing storm of life is o'er,
Whose pains and sorrows are no more;
Bless'd be thou with the bless'd above!
Where all is joy, and purity, and love.

Let Him, in might and mercy dread,
Lord of the living and the dead;
In whom the stars of heaven rejoice,
And the ocean lifts its voice;
Thy spirit, purified, to glory raise,
To sing with holy saints his everlasting praise!

Departed soul, who in this earthly scene
Hast our lowly sister been,
Swift be thy way to where the blessed dwell!
Until we meet thee there, farewell! farewell!

JOANNA BAILLIE.

### THE DYING MAN.

It is a very terrible and amazing thing to see a man die, and solemnly take his last leave of the world. The very circumstances of dying men are apt to strike us with horror. To hear such a man, how sensibly he will speak of the other world, as if he were just come from it, rather than going to it; how severely he will condemn himself for the folly and wickedness of his life; with what passion he will wish he had lived better, and had served God more sincerely; how seriously he will resolve upon a better life, if God would be pleased to raise him up, and try him but once more; with what zeal and earnestness he will commend to his best friends and nearest relations a religious and virtuous course of life, as the only thing that will minister comfort to them when they come to be in his condition. Such discourses as these are very apt to move and affect men for the time, and to stir up in them very good resolutions, whilst the present fit and impression lasts; but because these sights are very frequent, they have seldom any great permanent effect upon men. They consider that it is a very common case, and sinners take example and encouragement from one another; every one is affected for the present, few are so effectually convinced as to betake themselves to a better course. TILLOTSON.

## FOREIGN VARIETIES.

Mrs. Wood made her first appearance this season at Liverpool in *Zaritza*.

The payment of the thirty millions indemnity due by the Porte to Russia has been completed.

Campbell, the poet, has returned to London from a visit to Lord Broughton.

There is to be a grand funeral ceremony in commemoration of Malibran, on the first night of Drury Lane.

Count Molé, the new French Premier, is so far recovered as to have gone early in the week to a splendid dinner to 165 guests and a levee after it.

Suicide has reached a horrid height at Paris, no less than 64 having destroyed themselves at their own houses within the month, between the October 8th, besides 20 taken out of the Seine to the Dead House or Morgue—these latter chiefly victims to self-drowning.

The French are some strange sights at Algiers. A short time since, one of the cavalry was attached in open day by an enormous lion, which however was afterwards killed.

Miss Ellen Tree has received a present of a splendid ring set in diamonds, from an anonymous admirer, on which is engraved the following inscription: "IN ION U. X. L."

*Kingly Sale.*—Don Miguel has lately sold at Paris, two of his diamonds, which brought him 90,000 francs.

Four millions of pine trees, it is said, have been destroyed in Germany by an insect called Scolytus Destructor, which has made its nest there; also some the ornamental trees in various parts of Europe.

The steam employed by the French Fishing Smacks in pursuit of herring on the coast of Scotland, are some of them 100 horse-power, and can draw a net of the water by the capstan.

*Fugitive Husbands.*—The parish officers of Bethnal Green have issued printed bills describing a long list of married men, who have absconded, leaving their wives and large families chargeable to the parish. They offer rewards for the apprehension of each, and state it to be their determination to prosecute to the utmost. It is ascertained that some thirty or forty of the runaways have embarked for America.—*London Sun.*

*Country Coincidence.*—A skeleton was recently discovered whilst digging a grave, in London, which was clothed in a brown vestment handsomely embroidered with gold, and with shoes on the feet. On the right side it was found a chalice of white metal, having a paten upon it with two pieces of wax taper crossed. In the chalice there had been some holy water.

Cuba—the Spanish ports are not yet opened to Mexican vessels, as has been said. The Mexican schr. *Arirodo* was seized lately, on her arrival at Havana, and her captain imprisoned. He supposed, correctly, that the flag was opened to Mexican vessels.

A royal decree has been received at Havana, from Madrid, declaring that the Constitution of 1812 shall not be proclaimed at present, but all things remain in statu quo.

*Young Calculus.*—The musical world will soon have another star to take the place of Malibran in the person of the daughter of the celebrated Catalani, who superceded the late and lamented Malibran. It is said much of the mother's talent has descended to the daughter. Besides the fine lyric stage has recently sustained by the death of Malibran and Bellini, the last journals also announce the death of Gomis, who was among the brightest stars in the musical hemisphere.

The Bishop of London, now the exemplary Dr. C. J. Bloomfield, receives as per books £ 12,320 per annum, and his patronage is £ 12,000. He is patron of 126 livings.

The Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Wm. Howley; promote of all England, has 175 livings to his gift. He is also a Lord of Trade and Plantations. His revenue, valued at £ 15,000 per annum, I understand to be worth about £ 20,000. And so of all the archbishops and bishops through the British hierarchy.

*A Lady's Steel.*—It is said that the present complement of the stud belonging to the Russian Consular Orlof Tchernoski is 1,200 horses, hundred and twenty Arab, English and other racers; the grounds attached to it, almost the size, thousand and eighty acres, and the number of servants and laborers employed in it, one four thousand three hundred and thirty-nine. The sum realized by the sale of horses is of considerable annual amount, and they are sold not only on the spot itself, but in regular markets both in St. Petersburg and Moscow.

A clergyman of Grunser, near the famous fountain of Vaucluse was lately put under arrest for having, himself, exercised from his pulpit, and become a public disturber during divine service, the office of exorcist. In the case of the curate's unpardonable conduct, was his instigation in seeing the church-warden suspended interdicted from his office, and with his prerogative by undertaking to go round with the plate for collections. The church-warden there and broke the plates, and was with great difficulty secured by the constables.

The names of the two young sons of Lucien Bonaparte, engaged in the late affray at Canino, are Pierre Napoleon and Antoine Napoleon. They were accused of murdering a peasant in the neighborhood. Pierre was the individual whom the Parisians attempted to assassinate in the public square at Canino, and who shot down the Lieutenant by a mortal wound, and soon after long knife, (probably a Bowie, imported from America) so fiercely as to severely wound several of the soldiers—receiving himself a number of wounds. His bravery was the subject of general admiration. He is but 20 years of age. The other brother fled to America. Pierre is in prison at Rome.

*Fate of a Goat.*—A fellow carrying a large looking glass lately stopped at Lincoln's Inn fields, and stooping to see the reflection of Punch and Judy, placed his glass against the iron railing of the garden. Some mischievous boys threw the glass down and left the frame standing. A late le goat crossed the road, went up to the glass, then retired back a few paces, and, instead of on his hind legs, darted forward with all his might, and with a desperate plunge at his supposed antagonist, going head and shoulders through the glass. The crowd shouted, Mr. Punch had his family, and joined in a general laugh at the mischance of the unfortunate man.

*Attempted Cure for Loquacity.*—The widow of a surgeon lately retired a few months ago to a convent in Faubourg St. Antoine, where she now resides with twenty-five of the inmates of the house. She had only one fault, that of such extreme loquacity that the sisters of the convent was unable, in spite of all his remonstrances to check it. A short time ago, however, she observed to become somewhat less so noisy as she had been talkative, and a few mornings after was found in bed with a large wound in the throat, bleeding profusely. On being assisted by a medical man, and in reply to the question of the lady at the head of the house, she declared that she had attempted to cut her own throat, with the hope of stopping her loquacious propensity, by wounding the throat at the point where the voice originated, hoping to render herself dumb forever. Notwithstanding the efforts of the physician, that lady died a few days after, the victim of a singular kind of infatuation.—*Gazette.*

One of the great fairs so common in the interior of the European continent was held at Fest, about the beginning of September. It was bustling, crowded, and frequented to a degree rarely, if ever witnessed. There was a profusion and variety of merchandize exposed for sale, of all kinds—from the coast of Great Britain to the Bosphorus—thronging the long and broad streets of the city. The quantity of Hungarian productions was so great that there was no room for them in the warehouses, and they were piled up in heaps in the open air, forming long Cossack-like streets of magazines, in which all the manufactures of Austria and Hungary were displayed—for the most part in many cases in disorder, where not only bales and quadrupeds in incredible numbers were expected for sale, but where every description of clothing and for the subsistence of man and beast was to be had in abundance, and at a cheaper rate than is said to have had no parallel in Europe. It is estimated that there 15,000 to 20,000 wagons, drawn by 50,000 or 60,000 horses, were at this fair.

*Original plans of a Grocer.*—A grocer, named Patrick Thompson, residing at Glasgow, in an advertisement of the Glasgow Courier, states that as soon as he shall have made one hundred and fifty thousand real retail sales to the extent of a shilling each, he will present a purse of five customers, his house, offices and garden; and he proposed that the choice should be determined in the following manner :—every customer's name should be written on a card, and for every shilling purchase in a book open to every purchaser, and when the one hundred and fifty thousand sales should have been elected, the one hundred and fifty thousand numbers corresponding to those names would be put into a wheel made for the purpose, and after the wheel has been revolved, one number would be drawn from it, to which he will present the house, offices, and garden, free of expense or incumbrance. He will give the customer, if it wishes it, £1,000 instead of the property, deducting five per cent. for prompt payment. The entire retinue commenced on the 1st of September, and Mr. Thompson states that a considerable number of names have been entered. Mr. Thompson's is, parenthesis would produce £10 per 100, and supposing he only obtained a profit of 5s. per cent his net profit would amount to £3,750 (£4,000.)


# Saturday Evening Post.

NOVEMBER 23, 1833.


*Coroner's Report.*—The Coroner was called on Saturday afternoon last, over the body of an unfortunate coloured man, who died suddenly at Mrs. Latimore's house, in Latimore's court. It appears that he went out with some friends and had bags therein. On one of the bags the letter J. was painted in red. On the other was painted the word J. Hillborn, S. Fine.

The house is blind in both eyes and of a dark hay colour. The deceased had on two pair of pantaloons, made of linsey, white, and red stripes; a brown coat and a black velvet collar; vest, yellow waistcoat, red stripe. Part of his upper front teeth were out, and he appeared to be about fifty five years of age. Two cents and some money were found in his pockets, with three keys and several other articles—all of which are in the keeping f othe Coroner. It is supposed that he was from the country, as he has been seen frequently in the neighborhood of South and Fifth streets. The body will be kept till Monday evening next. Any person interested can receive information by calling on the Coroner, at No 115 Catherine street, below Fifth.—*Inquirer.*

Speaking of the great lake trade, the Philadelphia committee observes :

"And was diminutive of the immense amount of business now done on the lake, mainly in the importation of provisions for the support of their subsistence, it is a well ascertained fact, that since the opening of the canal, 70,000 barrels of flour of the largest steam vessels on the lake, received during the last year at least 250,000 barrels from those interiors. All this tide of emigration now passes partly along the Canada shore and the St. Lawrence, partly directly through the Erie Canal. What advantage our New York neighbors possess over themselves in this continuance and increase, may be inferred from the report of the Canal Board to the New York and Erie Rail Road Company for 1833."

Extract of a letter dated Flemington, New Jersey, November 12, 1836.

"Last week a 'travelling' theatre, passed through this place—Mrs. Mina and children—They were mistaken for Indians, and created considerable terror, and had to put up at an inferior house. The first night, they were unmolested, though the next night a serious affray took place. The second evening a mob gathered about the 'theatre,' and made a great disturbance, hooting, yelling, &c. &c., and hung him in effigy before the theatre door. Mr. Mina, however, appeared, armed out with a lighted candle to see two men fight.—Some one took off the wheel of her wagon and carried it off. She told the gentlemen, that the one the wheel she would admit them free, but as soon as the door was opened they rushed in en masse, and to destroy the scenery; in short, mob-like, they acted foolishly and wickedly. So ends their disorderice of us."

We learn, also, that she was received even in a worse manner at other places, especially at New-Hope. Is there no way to take her children from her and bring them up in a decent manner.—*U. S. Gaz.*

*Illegal Voting.*—We are glad to see in the Winchester Va. Register, a case mentioned in which a gentleman, determined to vote without the right of doing so, and accomplishing his object by the following device. A few days before the County tax in that borough, within two years is necessary to the exercise of the elective franchise, and is in a fair way to receive a solitary contribution of twenty cents. The same gentleman delinquent in Thomas Davis; and to obtain his vote at the general election in October, he took up a ten dollar bill, changed her into twenty cents, thousand and eighty scores, and the number of persons and laborers employed in it, one four thousand three hundred and thirty-nine. The sum realized by the sale of horses is of considerable annual amount, and they are sold not only on the spot itself, but in regular markets both in St. Petersburg and Moscow.

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*A young Incendiary and Robber.*—On the morning of the 8th inst. about 9 o'clock, as Mr. Franklin, of the firm of Pruyn & Franklin, of brokers, entered his office, No. 14 Wallst. under the Merchants' Exchange, he was met by smoke, and a lad named Thomas Casey, who was employed to clean out the office, who was engaged in endeavoring to kindle the burning papers in one of the desks. The boy said that when he entered the office he found the papers burning; but he could not tell by what means they got there. On opening another desk in the office, Mr. Franklin found that it had been opened with a false key, instead of a key with a file set to the papers, and then locked up again; but the fire had been extinguished by the boy before it had communicated the facts to old Mr. Hays, who had a talk with the boy, in which he said that he was not found ignorance, of the whole affair; and also that he had taken the fire from a large stand in Wall street. Yesterday morning Mrs. Casey found the stolen watch secreted in a tin box in her bed, and on being taken to the office of Mr. Franklin's office, the boy acknowledged that it was himself who secretly took the watch, and attempted to cover the robbery by setting fire to the papers. The boy was committed to the care of the police office, where he made the same confessions, and was committed to the House of Refuge, on the proposal of the mission. He is only 13 years of age.

We take the following from the columns of the New York Courier. The cause of competition is why the culprit was recommended to the mercy of the court.

Mr. Peter McCormick, an Irishman, was put upon his trial for manslaughter, in the first degree, in killing one of his fellow men, Thomas Smith, on the 5th inst. The circumstances which gave rise to the death of a little girl named Rebecca Barnard, six years old, by a cab wholly and with apparent negligence, driving over her, with his horse, loaded with stone, and so occupied in the affair and breaking her bones, that she almost instantly died. The child was playing in front of the corner of Broome and Allen, when the present came driving along with his cart load of stone, and in endeavoring to turn his horse up, and seeing the imminent danger of the child lying out of harm's way, he, the driver, struck which was heard by Mr. Mulford (with in the store, and who saw the child lying on the side walk, as until the horse knocked down and the wheels ran over the child; when he still drove on, and was stopped by the cries of Mr. Mulford, Mr. Smith, and pulled of the load. He was then very desirous to flee from the scene of the unfortunate loss, particularly to Alderman Stilwell, who was in company, where not only bipeds and quadrupeds in incredible numbers were expected for sale, but where every description of clothing and for the subsistence of man and beast was to be had in abundance, and at a cheaper rate than is said to have had no parallel in Europe. It is estimated that there 15,000 to 20,000 wagons, drawn by 50,000 or 60,000 horses, were at this fair.

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*Poverty.*—We little dream in this country of the severe trials which attend some of the lower classes of Europe. A man was recently held in England on the body of a bronzer who died from the effects of a severe beating and privation. He had been ruined by a law suit. Among some debtors, proclaimed outlaws at a sheriff's court, were Lord William Pagett, Sir John Doyle, and Long Wellesley, the brother of Wellington. Bernadotte, the present King of Sweden, the ex-King of Sweden, the lineal descendant of the Stuarts, Lafayette's son, and Napoleon's rope, often an outside passenger, on a stage coach, because he is too poor to pay for a seat inside. Instances of starvation, and instances of fallen rank, low enviable is the condition of many individuals, and the mechanics and laboring classes secure from the possibility of such misfortunes.—*Albany Daily Adv.*

*Arrest upon Mr. Bennett.*—The New York Daily Express states, that on Monday afternoon, Mr. Hamblin, of the late Bowery Theatre, was arrested, upon the oath of the editor of the Herald, for the purpose of inflicting chastisement on Mr. Bennett, on account of some contemptuous remarks which he had made upon Mr. Hamblin's benefit at the National Theatre. It appears that Mr. Bennett was writing at his desk when the party rushed in. He was armed with a long cane, which he used in the first attack, had not time to use them before Hamblin seized him, and injured him severely.

The affair at Sing-Sing, it appears, created a great excitement among the convicts, and assembled around the door, many of them shouting "Hurra for Hamblin," "Pitch into the editor," &c. &c.

Having satisfied their vengeance, the party left the office. Mr. Bennett, accompanied by a friend, then proceeded to the Police office, and procured a complaint, on which we were informed, the magistrate granted a warrant for the apprehension of Hamblin.

*A Fracas.*—Rather an unusual exhibition for Pittsburg, took place the other afternoon, between passengers on board the steam boat Ben Franklin, and the commander of another of the boatmen, to the number of about twenty, most of whom being drunk to begin, attempted to force their way on board the Franklin, by the gangway, which he resisted manfully, and succeeded in keeping them off. They then attempted to board the boat over the bow, but were soon—about a dozen men were fighting in that quarter, and the passengers rallied in their defence, who was the conqueror. The assailants were finally beaten off, and the boat was cleared.—*Pittsburg Advocate.*

*The Affair at Smyrna.*—Capt. Inglee, of the brig Boston, at Smyrna, entered on board and read a protest before his departure, against the unwarrantable detention of his vessel by the commander of the French corvette, lying in the station; which, with a representation of the affair, was forwarded to the French Consul general, Mr. Offley, to our government. It will be recollected that the French consul claimed the possession of the Bassian to search for a deserter, who was not on board, and took the vessel back to the port.

We learn also from Capt. Inglee that on the 15th and 16th of September a terrible conflagration of figs were received at Smyrna. The price of figs, consequently, rose from 40 to 60 per cent. in an attempt on the part of some English houses to monopolize the market. They were exceedingly fine, and of a large size.—*Boston Mer. Jour.*

*Fashionable Folly.*—The fashionable dandies of England, among other artifices resorted to, to give power to the effect, are prescribed to the use of injection, and is in a fair way to receive a solitary contribution of twenty cents. The same gentleman delinquent in Thomas Davis; and to obtain his vote at the general election in October, he took up a ten dollar bill, changed her into twenty cents, and with this she went to the polls, the assessor and collector was called upon to administer the oath of qualification, declared that Davis had neither been assessed, and was not liable to be assessed, but that when called on by the assessor for that purpose, he said he was not of age. The assessor was on that testimony, rejected; and about ten days after the election he was arrested for the assessor, and bound over to court. The gentleman admitted that when making his statement under the qualification oath, he was right at the time, with the view of getting a vote, he knew it to be false. The case was tried in the Circuit court, and the jury, after being absent a few minutes, returned a verdict of guilty, and he was sentenced to eighteen months imprisonment in the penitentiary.

The Star says, the "Hamblin benefit went off tranquilly and triumphantly. Upwards of $2000 were received, and but for the rumor industriously circulated in the morning that there would be a row, it would have been crowded in every part. The display of feathers, however, was very splendid, the lower and upper tiers being filled with ladies. What appeared to be a regiment of police, including the Mayor, Ex-Mayor and family. The performance went off with great spirit, and the audience took much of it. Our old friends, Barret and his wife, were received in the most cordial manner. Hackett and Power performed in their excellent manner; Celeste made a great impression—and Wheatley's one—in the Wept. A musical concerto was performed on the piano forte by Mr. Schlesinger, and a Mr. Flynn delivered a well written address. On a call being made for Hamblin, he appeared, and made a short, manly and modest address, which we regret we have not room to insert, but will present with the result.

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*Extract of a letter to the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser, dated Lyons City, Sept. 15th, 1836.*

"Yesterday afternoon we attended a service at the Blue Coat Hospital, which was performed entirely by the little blue coat boys and girls. This is an institution a century and a half old, which receives, supports, and educates 250 boys and 100 girls, from the ages of 6 to 14. The same counts from the uniform of the children, and the building, have remained unchanged for the last century. The oddest thing about it is, that the boys wear, in front, a large bunch or pair of bands. They looked exceedingly like a company of Lilliputian monks and nuns; and the ceremony, which was a Catholic service, was performed in a very pretty little chapel, two by two, in solemn procession from the refectory. The music was admirably performed, produced upon us anything but a deeply serious effect. The boys all made a bob when they passed by the chair of a trustee who was present, and the girls a little dot, such as a horse would make in passing one of his fore feet. We read the service, responded, chanted, and repeated the Lord's prayer with considerable fervor, but with an entirely different air from that which you see in our Sunday school children. The very genius of dullness seemed to preside, and reflected but few gleams of intellect from the countenances of any one of the readers of the service, who pulled down his head very much, and read in a loud tone of voice as before reading. The other was in the smile of a sweet child, which, by the way, is a charming spirit. The others all looked sullen. Their voices sounded harsh, and the same unmeaning inflections. If they had been automata, they could not have displayed more or less intelligence than they did in speak in disgrace of the institution. I have no doubt that it is an excellent one, and that it produces the most beneficial effects upon its pupils; but, considered merely as a place of intellectual stimulation upon a good system, thoroughly executed. Yet it was both amusing and painful to me, to see human beings reduced to such machines of."

CONSTANTINOPLE, Sept. 7.

*Emancipation of Turkish Women.*—

The 4th of September will be commemorated by the Turkish women as the day of their emancipation as the spirit of their deliverance from the bondage under which the cruelty of man had for centuries enslaved them. It will be in fact a proper part of the day the Sultan sent to inform them that he had given his consent to their laying aside the disgusting veil, which was the consequence. After a considerable excitement had been created in the neighborhood for one or four of the principal females secured by the police. We understand that Mahmoud Effendi, the Reis Effendi, was among the first to appear in the face with a dirk.—*Pittsburg Advocate.*

*A Fracas.*—Rather an unusual exhibition for Pittsburg, took place the other afternoon, between passengers on board the steam boat Ben Franklin, and the commander of another of the boatmen, to the number of about twenty, most of whom being drunk to begin, attempted to force their way on board the Franklin, by the gangway, which he resisted manfully, and succeeded in keeping them off. They then attempted to board the boat over the bow, but were soon—about a dozen men were fighting in that quarter, and the passengers rallied in their defence, who was the conqueror. The assailants were finally beaten off, and the boat was cleared.—*Pittsburg Advocate.*

We learn also from Capt. Inglee that on the 15th and 16th of September a terrible conflagration of figs were received at Smyrna. The price of figs, consequently, rose from 40 to 60 per cent. in an attempt on the part of some English houses to monopolize the market. They were exceedingly fine, and of a large size.—*Boston Mer. Jour.*

*Fashionable Folly.*—The fashionable dandies of England, among other artifices resorted to, to give power to the effect, are prescribed to the use of injection, and is in a fair way to receive a solitary contribution of twenty cents. The same gentleman delinquent in Thomas Davis; and to obtain his vote at the general election in October, he took up a ten dollar bill, changed her into twenty cents, and with this she went to the polls, the assessor and collector was called upon to administer the oath of qualification, declared that Davis had neither been assessed, and was not liable to be assessed, but that when called on by the assessor for that purpose, he said he was not of age. The assessor was on that testimony, rejected; and about ten days after the election he was arrested for the assessor, and bound over to court. The gentleman admitted that when making his statement under the qualification oath, he was right at the time, with the view of getting a vote, he knew it to be false. The case was tried in the Circuit court, and the jury, after being absent a few minutes, returned a verdict of guilty, and he was sentenced to eighteen months imprisonment in the penitentiary.

## EPITOME OF THE TIMES.

*Pennsylvania.—Official Returns.*—Van Buren's majority, 5,000.

*Maryland.*—According to the official returns received at Annapolis, the majority for the Harrison ticket in this State is 3614.

*Another Bank Road Accident.*—We regret to learn that another accident has occurred on the Philadelphia and Trenton Rail Road, the other day in the vicinity of Frankford. A burthen car, loaded with stone, in which he was unwisely trangled, that it was supposed he could not long survive. The large mail bag was also thrown out, and left in the exposed situation above described.

The editor of the New York Star, has the following reminiscence.

"Talking of the burning of Rickett's theatre, in 1796, just at the close of Washington's administration, reminds us of an anecdote that occurred last summer. A Quaker street near Chatham, in a person who, in the weather, has a stud, and calls coaches, from, and to or cream. "Don't you remember," said he to a friend, "that the Circus was burnt in Philadelphia." Yes," was the reply. "Well, that night I played two of the devils in Don Juan, and I escaped from the flames, and, to my joy found a coach in the horses, assisted to pass water in the leather bucket." I was then a performer of the first rate, for forty years following a more agreeable business, selling cockymony to the boys, and honey to the ladies. Now I am a coachman, and I find in a man's respectability, from being head devil in the Circus, to driving a hack, and so that."

Spots on the Sun.—M. Colomb Menard de Nismes, the French Astronomer, states that experience he can establish spots on its disk, in temperature during month only, and that when these spots are not visible the heat is more powerful, and that there is more luminescence and greater violence. Herschell has also observed this phenomenon more than twenty year's observation. All the spots which M. Menard has observed pass over from the west to the east, and return to the west. Some have, however, been discovered which appear to have a retrograde movement. These spots are supposed to be a conglomeration of the small-er ones, which have a slower movement than the common form. These spots the astronomer believes to be the result of the agglomeration of the movements altogether different and distinct from the great luminary itself. Some of them he has observed to last for years, and to be visible across the sun, having made their appearance at the other limb, and to have been visible during the whole of the time. The thermometer has been taken confirm this opinion. Never have so many of these spots been observed as during the present year between February and October. On the 7th of the 23d of April, M. Menard has counted ten, and on the 24th of May, 15. Storms, and the season has been remarkable for its coldness.

### THE DESTRUCTIVE EFFECTS OF SPIRIT DRINKING.

The following remarks are extracted from Lectures on Temperance, by Dr. Sewall, addressing Health, delivered at the Mechanics Institute, Philadelphia, by a member of the Society of Friends.

"The fatal influence of intemperance in drinking is manifested in the following manner. During period of life, at which time persons are not very liable to sickness, the rate of mortality is found to decline. Some are favored to recover from disease, but the rate of mortality increases as the process fatal. Protracted old age is another result of spirit drinking. I have often noticed, with surprise, in the course of my practice, that when I had suspicions of the habits of a patient, I found myself disappointed, if he was not of tender age and decrepitude upon him, he was soon cut off by disease. Thus, in the most unfavorable quality unexceptible of disease of all kinds, and, consequently, the most fatal, are those of fevers, or other epidemic distempers. The ravages of the cholera have confirmed this to unbounded extent.

The heart and blood-vessels do not escape the influence of spirit drinking. The heart, for instance, is subjected to great variations of excitement, and the blood-vessels are exposed to the danger of rupture, to permanent disease. Ossification of the valves of the heart, particularly of the lining membrane, are the probable results. The stomach, which, in health, is small, are very liable to become ossified, and when the disease has reached this point, they are peculiarly liable to apoplexy and gangrene. In a former lecture, I have described the various destructive effects which intemperate drinks may produce on the liver, and the kidneys, and the brain, the latter of which the effect is overthrowing prudence and the whole moral character. I will add, that the obvious effect which they must have in producing insanity, is a most important consideration, and one which whenever those parts from irritation, at a time when the system is under the influence of spirit. Now, it is well known that the most frequent form of insanity, is that which is called monomania, in which one organ of the brain is diseased, while all the rest are in a healthy state. It is supposed that a greater exercise of respiration is required from the organ which is diseased, affecting these organs which are less liable to disease. From observations, I am impressed that a greater exercise of respiration is required from the organ which is diseased, affecting these organs which are less liable to disease. The result

# THE EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

Saturday, November 26, 1836.


VENTRILOQUISM.

We invite attention to the performance of Mr. Martin, held at the *Masonic* Hall. His recommendations and variations are said to be unsurpassed.

OUR NAVY.

It is a *defect* to which every system of government is universally exposed, that some part of its institutions essentially necessary to its well-being and stability, should, at times remain in comparative inactivity, and apparently yield little, if any return for the expense attending their support. This is more especially the case with the usual means of national defence—capable, and ever willingly employed, of their establishment becomes a burden upon the people, and every attempt to increase or strengthen them, is met with strong opposition and clamor. This system of policy is carried on until it becomes absolutely necessary to assert and maintain by force the rights—and then the civil authority fails on comparative shyness, and no expense is spared nor any exertions wanting on the part of the people, to render their offensive or defensive measures as prompt and efficacious as possible. So long as the civil institutions are endangered, the military and naval power of the country are invested with their power, and their advantages fully appreciated. If on the contrary, nothing exists to excite apprehension in the minds of the people, the latter is again reduced to its former standard, and suffered to fall into disuse and decay, or entirely destroyed, as may best comport with their convenience.

The most plausible inference to be deduced from the above facts, is that the existence of a more resources for defence is unnecessary, and under the most complete control, is held be incompatible with the principles of sound legislative government. At any rate the plan has been universally adopted by the people of the Republic, by the government of the United States. The infancy of this system was ably exposed during the late war with England, when government refused to perform its part of a reciprocal contract. If it had been then incumbent upon our government to maintain its rights with strength, in what manner could our country have been placed? Our army scarcely sufficient to repel the few Indians left on our frontiers, would have been totally inadequate to the numerous troops that France would have spared upon our coast. Nor is it even questionable whether the few ships we possess would be taken while the remainder of the fleet of powerful fleets of our continental neighbour. Happily, however, we escaped the accumulated misfortunes that seemed to contend with these limited means against the overwhelming force that would have been brought to bear upon us; but the fact remains, that (to prove the inefficiency of our present means of defence, and how much was wanting, in order to the perfect arrangement of our naval and military departments.

Apart from these considerations, we believe, that the present state of our navy so far as regards efficiency, is equal to the requirements of the country. That we are deficient in the number of our ships, an error that measures are been recently taken to repair, but the superiority of the seamen, officers, &c. of our navy, as a body, over those of any other of foreign nations is, we believe, universally acknowledged.

Concerning a few days since, with an intelligent naval officer on this subject, he made the following remarks, in explanation of the fact we have stated above.

"The only manifest superiority our naval officers possess over those of foreign countries is that of *seniority*; promotion in the navy is too fast for distinction and promotion, to place an humble and obscure lad at the head of the children of wealth and affluence. For the fact is not so in the British service—their naval officers, from the period of their first entry into the service, have to undergo a cycle of years, before they are examined to qualify them for which time, they are generally at sea; while in the contrary, those of the wealthy and influencing family, or rather aristocratical influence, remain in a state of inactivity on shore, instead of undergoing the ordeal, to which our officers are subject, attain ascendance and rank, (or rather are placed in their proper stations.)

The following are the titles of several new publications, which have been received at the store of Mr. Perkins. "Delphine," in 3 volumes, by Madame de Gay, and "Lafitte," by Alfred Mudge & Co., and many other valuable and justly admired novel from the pen of Mr. Sanna, author of the Partisan.

*Pendleton's Works—Volume* 10 and 11.—The Tales of the Good Woman," which is the sixth volume of the Tales of my Landlord series, are well got up as to typographical appearance, and binding. To say any thing in praise of their contents, is unnecessary.

*The Dumfiery Mon.*—Sir. James has agreeably forwarded us the two very pleasant volumes, with numerous interesting sketches and stories, which though many of them have appeared before in the London Annuals, will be found by no means unacceptable to the readers of the Atlantic. The story with which they begin ingeniously interwoven is pathetic, and full of interest. The characters are drawn to the original, and displays manual talents. The letter of this work is well known to the public, and his present production will not tend to retain the favorable estimation in which he would have hitherto been held. The volumes are for sale by Mr. Perkins, of this city.

We have been favoured with a copy of a recent publication, by Mr. J. W. Reynolds, in relation to the engineering operations to the south that are undertaken by the government. If it reads in such a manner as to conduce to the useful honesty, and interest of the community, Mr. Reynolds may fairly claim the credit of having originated the scheme. Both in his style and legislative capacity, his efforts have been crowned with success. The work is a valuable construction, and whatever may be the results we are chiefly attributable to his exertions.—The present work appears to be the report delivered before Congress, regarding this subject, and is accompanied with copies of memorials and documents in relation to it.

THEATRICALS.

*Chesnut Street.*—The new comedy of King O'Neil was performed during the week, to full houses, and appears to be attributed to the attraction of Power's acting, rather than to any peculiar merit discoverable in the composition of the play. The latter, it appears to be in the ingenious witticisms with which it is stored, and which are rendered irresistible by the tongue and gesticulations of Power, as one of the London papers expresses double, but the report is strongly contradicted by the fact that he had until a flag to Alaix, with offers to incorporate, of which there is no question. Gen. Alaix received the flag of the rebels, and consequently the bearer of the flag, and send him a prisoner to Madrid. The result was that the Carlists lost 3000 killed and prisoners in the encounter.

*Turkey.*—It is said that the Russians have played Sultan Mahmoud a shabby trick, in regarding the treaty of Adrianople, and in giving disputed condition, and stripped of every gun that was a good one or any thing.

The intersection in Bosnia has been completely put down. Ali Fehah Pacha, the chief instigator, has been captured and sent in chains to Constantinople.

The report of the death of Mehemet Ali, of Egypt, is not confirmed.

The governor of Smyrna has been displaced for extortionate conduct.

The Turkish army in Kurdistan has defeated and dispersed the band of the rebel Rewandooz Bey, and taken him prisoner. The Kurdish insurrection is therefore nearly at end.

INTERNAL IMPROVEMENT.

*A Connection with the Lakes.*

This subject is so popular a theme in Pennsylvania, that it seem to encourage or oppose *any* project, that may be suggested, however visionary or impracticable, or however great the obstacles with which its progress is likely to be attended, it is certain to animate a preference of one route where two are spoken of, may be regarded, perhaps, by some, as shewing a want of proper zeal for the interests of the state, but we think

But we beg leave to state, what the early friends of Internal Improvement, have long since repeatedly acknowledged, that the error was our not think, however, that is calculated to heal frequent repetitions. The play is wanting in dram atic effect; a deficiency which cannot be made up by the acting, for the beautiful ex-

*Pennsylvania Congress.*—The Governor has issued a proclamation declaring Lemuel Paynter, John Seargeant, George W. C. Toland, Francis J. Harper, David Potts, Edward Darlington, Edward Davis, Jacob Fry, Jr. Matthias Warris, David D. Wagner, Edward R. Hubley, Henry A. Muhlenberg, Luther Reily, Henry Logan, Daniel Sheffer, Charles McClure, Wm. W. Potter, David Petriken, Robert H. Hammond, Jr. Morris, Harrison Gray, and John Klingsmanith, Jr. Andrew Buchanan, Thomas M. T. McKennan, and Richard Biddle, Jr. Esqrs. to be duly elected members of the Legislature from the 4th of March next; and that John J. Pearson and James Black have been duly elected to fill the vacancies in the Senate.

LOSS OF THE SHIP BRISTOL OF NEW YORK.

We have now to record the loss of the ship Bristol, Capt. M'Kown, of this port, at East Hampton.

The Bristol sailed from Liverpool for New York, on the 15th October, with 40 cabin passengers, 250 tons of rail-road iron, 50 tons of coal. The fate night of the 17th, with a gale of wind from the south east, she went ashore on East Rockaway bar, about one quarter of a mile from the beach. The vessel struck by the bilge, and the boats opposite where the ship went ashore. Had it been light at 2 P. M., as was supposed at the time of making a breach over her—her mainmast and boats were gone, *leaving the foremast and some wire hanging in the rigging.* The round house or deck cabin had been washed ashore, also the head boats of the ship, and a number of letters and bills of lading, by which the name of the ship was known.

The inhabitants were making every preparation for the wreck, when the welcome news of hopes were entertained that many of the passengers, 50 in number, (3 cabin and 47 steerage) and the master and crew will also be saved.

The ship was owned by Woodhull & Minturn, and was insured in New York for $27,000.—About $4,000 was also insured on the cargo.

*Important from Washington.*—The following paragraph is from the Globe of Tuesday morning:

THE PRESIDENT'S HEALTH.

Two nights ago the President was taken with a cough, which was succeeded by a considerable bleeding from the lungs. He had suffered for some time past from a pain in the forehead on his side. He was relieved from both unpleasant symptoms, in some degree, by the bleeding, but before last the hemorrhage from the lungs recurred, and was again stopped by the same process and other remedies, which were administered with abundant employment.—Amen, say we. All all the various branches of industry, are the most desirous of seeing the manufacture of silk prosper. When we look to the east and reflect that for centuries past, it has been the source of wealth to those countries; when we consider the immense population of many of which has been drained from our soil to repay the industry of India, we will not need to learn that the Eastern is near at hand when the manufacture of an article of luxury so important, may essential, is transferred to this country and the United States.

The Star says the following comes in a shape likely to be correct. At least we hope it is.

*Oneida Captured.*—We learn by a gentleman, Mr. Dunbier, who arrived in this city to-day, direct from the seat of war in Florida, that the celebrated Seminole chief, Oseola had been captured by a party of Creek Indians under Benjy, during an engagement the day before Christmas. The party of Creeks under Benjy succeeded in first securing the captive, received $1000 from Gen. Call, and in the course of a few days, to proceed to Arkansas, where he will remain in quiet retirement. Gen. Jesup stated as his opinion that the war would not last a fortnight.

We had last night a conversation with Mr. Dunbier, and did not learn further particulars. We have, however, received that the above intelligence is strictly authentic.

Facts compiled for the Journal of the American Institute.

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There were in 1812, two hundred and seven powder mills in the United States.

By clearing the casks, and adding charcoal to the water, the foulest water may be kept, existing in health and vigor, a considerable number of fish from the size of herring to that of salmon.

Wheat found in the cases of Egyptian mummies, by digging the grains into oil, and then planting them pretty deep in the ground, was placed in a saucer partly filled with water, have grown and ripened in a few days. It is now known called Talavera wheat.

In a comparison of the expense of steam and water power at Lowell, the former it is said stood to the latter as 4 to 1.

The average quantity of sugar imported into St. Petersburgh, chiefly in American vessels, during the year 1833, was 22,000 tons, or 44,000,000 pounds.

The Messrs. Harpers, the publishers of cotton prints, in the vicinity of Hudson, in the state of New York, employ 1,000 hands, and pay $17,000 of these goods. If the duty is reduced to 20 per cent. as is contemplated by many, it is very much to the benefit of the American market, but to England, and supply our market from thence.

The London Times estimates the tonnage of the steamboats in the United States, at 150,000; while number (300 tons to a boat) at 1,500.

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To all parts of the world, the quantity of Indian rubber annually imported into Philadelphia, is estimated at 1,000,000 pounds.

The Boston Transcript, in the course of the night of the 24th. The performers at Drury Lane have presented him a splendid snuff-box, of tortoise shell inlaid and ornamented with gold. With a mosaic lid, and the following inscription:

"To Edwin Forrest, Esq. the American tragedian, the performers of the Theatre Royal Drury Lane, in testimony of their admiration of his talent as an actor, and their respect for him as a man, have to come at least, directed to her *mass route through the State to the Ohio river and canal.* The conclusion of a road parallel with the the great canal, the entire distance may not only be justified, but imperatively demanded by the exigences of trade and travel, and prove no less profitable to the State, than it would be a great revenue than promotive of commerce and business. We may allude to this subject again.

*Express Mail.*—This mail commenced running on Tuesday week. It left Philadelphia at half past two, A. M. and reached Baltimore fifteen minutes before ten. being two hours and ten quarters less than contract time.

It left Baltimore at one, P. M. and arrived in Washington twenty-five minutes past four, being thirty-five minutes less than contract time.

It arrived from Fredericksburg, Va. at five minutes before four, P. M. and left for the south in half after four, P. M.

Joseph Nakin is the contractor between Philadelphia and Baltimore, and Messrs. Hunter, Hudson, Wyatt and Smith from Baltimore to Fredericksburg, Va.—*Globe.*

*Suffocation.*—Mrs. Bridget Margaret Weed, wife of Mr. Henry Weed, residing at 39 Hawthorn street, was found dead in her bed-room on Saturday morning, by her husband, who had left her in bed at 6 o'clock, and returned to breakfast at 8, and on entering the room, found her lying in the bed with her head covered with the bed clothes. She had been subject to fits, and it is supposed she died in one of them.

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*New Orleans, November 5,* 1836.—The weather has been quite cool all the week, and for a part of the time unpleasantly so. Yesterday the sky being overcast with clouds, causing the atmosphere to be damp and chilly. The Mercury sunsigns in 10½ feet below high-water mark, being 14½ feet above low-water mark.

Cotton.—Arrived since the 26th ult. of Louisiana and Mississippi 16,569 bales, Lake 596, North Alabama and Tennessee 1138, Arkansas 333; together, 18,485 bales. Cleared in the same time for Great Britain 4493 bales, North of Hatteras 274, Philadelphia 139; together, 5385 bales. Stock on hand, including that of all on ship-board, not cleared on the 3d instant, a stock of 53,522 bales.

*Fall of Horsemanship.*—At the affair between the Carlists and the English auxiliaries in Spain, which took place on the 27th ultimo, Colonel Carlist gun on the Montagnane, took effect upon an ill-fated horse. The animal, on which he was mounted, at the moment, Adjutant Foreman, at the same instant, received a ball in the head, which it shattered into a thousand pieces; it then entered the chest, and made its way right through the entrails, lodging in the other extremity of the body; after which, it took a round of a Sapper's thigh, and wounded him severely, but not dangerously, as Irish would have it. Both the rider and horse fell to the ground. The most strange part of the fact, is that the rider escaped unscathed, receiving no other injury beyond rather a smart shock to his nervous system. Nasser was beheld so hideous an object as that exhibited by the smashed and mingled remains of the horse. There was not the slightest trace of the head and neck, but instead, a wide and gory aperture in its stead, with a corresponding one at the other extremity.

RECEIPTS BY MAIL.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Nov. 18, *received from* | | H. W. Snow, Esq. | $5.00 |
| Mary Cath. McIver | $5.00 | James Cherry, | 5.00 |
| L.S. Secollimore, | 4.75 | R. Rundell, Esq. | 5.00 |
| W. G. Spencer, tam. | 4.75 | W. Mackenzie, Esq. | 10.00 |
| W. B. Gow, tam. | 2.50 | *November* 22. | |
| A. C. Heed, Esq. | 10.00 | Wm. A. Porter, | 40.00 |
| E. Kendall, Esq. | 2.00 | Lewis S. Ayres, | 12.00 |
| C. R. Baldwin, Esq. | 2.00 | C. Burke Fisher, | 10.00 |
| A. V. D. Lott, Esq. | 2.00 | Rev. Wm. J. Price, Esq. | 2.00 |
| *November* 19. | | | |
| William Bean, | 4.00 | 2. P. *November* 23. | |
| James S. Clark, tam. | 1.75 | Ra'll Shaw, Esq. | 5.00 |
| Wm. Hudson, Esq. | 2.00 | Jas. Hutchison, | 5.00 |
| William Brown, Esq. | 5.00 | Henry Mott, Esq. | 5.00 |
| M. Long, Esq. | 2.00 | *November* 24. | |
| Ezekiel Bartholomew, | | A. B. McFarlan, | 2.00 |
| *November* 21. | | J. M. Hadden, Esq. | 2.00 |
| E. Marvin, | 2.00 | Joseph Bell, Esq. | 3.00 |
| G. Caldwell, Esq. | 10.00 | Edward Anderson, | 10.00 |
| T. W. Gibbs, Esq. | 1.00 | C. Salisbury, Esq. | 5.00 |
| S. Nye, Esq. | 5.00 | John Gilgore, Esq. | 5.00 |
| Chas. Anspenzel, Esq. | 10 | | |

AMERICAN THEATRE.—Benefit of F. Wemyss, two new pieces, and the Maid of Croissenet. F. Wemyss, Esq. will take place at this Theatre on Monday next. The bill of fare is a rich one, and the public will doubtless well reward the exertions of the manager, on which the secondary drama of the Maid of Croissenet. To conclude with the laughable farce of Lafitte, or the hero of Saissac or the Blacksmith's Hero.

Theatre—Chesnut St.—A Card.

THE Managers of this establishment have been induced to engage for a few nights, the celebrated

MADEMOISELLE CELESTE,

who is about to produce the new and most successful piece, called the

RAVEN OF CASHEMERE,

in which she will appear in the character of Zuleika, whose character of the **RAVEN OF CASHEMERE** has created such a sensation in London.

Mademoiselle Celeste will be supported by the best of Scenery in Lenox's Theatre, and at the Natural Theatre, N. York, for an accession of the most splendid and costly dresses, and the whole will be produced under the direction of Mr. Wemyss.

The performance will commence with the

THIS SPLENDID SPECTACLE

Will be performed for the first time in this city, on Monday next, and every night during the week.

## Theatre, Chesnut Street.

BENEFIT OF MR. TYRONE POWER.

Saturday Evening, November 26, 1836

Will be presented the popular Comedy of

ST. PATRICK'S EVE.

MAJOR O'DOGHERTY, - - MR. POWER.

After which the laughable comedy of

MORE BLUNDERS THAN ONE.

LARRY O'DOGHERTY, - - MR. POWER.

## American Walnut St. Theatre.

Saturday Evening, November 26, 1836

Will be performed for the first time in this city, an Historical Drama, in three acts, called

THE MAID OF CASHMERE.

The Maid of Cashmere, Mrs. Preston. Blanche, Mrs. Wells. Blanche, Hallows.

After which,

THE PILOT; or a Tale of the Sea.

Paul Jones, Mr. Flint, - - MR. WATERS

Long Tom Coffin, - - LONG SED CONNER

ALMANAC.

| NOVEMBER. | SUN | SUN | MOON | MOON'S |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1836. | RISES. | SETS. | SETS. | AGES. |
| 26 Saturday, | 7 15 | 4 41 | 3 29 | |
| 27 Sunday, | 7 15 | 4 41 | 4 29 | 0 0 M |
| 28 Monday, | 7 16 | 4 40 | 5 30 | |
| 29 Tuesday, | 7 17 | 4 40 | 7 | 2 Last 1 3.26 |
| 30 Wednesday, | 7 17 | 4 39 | 8 | 3 Last 1 4.26 |
| 1 Thursday, | 7 18 | 4 41 | 8.36 | First Last 1 5.26 |
| 2 Friday, | 7 19 | 4 41 | 9.36 | 1 6.26 |
| 3 Saturday, | 7 20 | 4 40 | 10.36 | 2 7.26 |

## MARRIAGES.

On the 15th inst. by the Rev. Mr. McDowell, Mr. GEORGE W. FREDERICK to Miss DEBORAH WILLIAMS, all of this city.

On the 17th inst. by Mr. Gallagher, on the evening of the 15th, Mr. ISAAC D. SMITH, to Miss MARGARET BRADLEY.

By the same, on the evening of the 20th inst. Mr. CHARLES HOFFMAN, to Miss CATHARINE TROUT.

On the same evening, by the same, Mr. JOHN HUBBARD, to Miss MARGARET CAMPBELL.

On Monday morning, the 21st inst. by the Rev. Mr. Mitchell, Mr. ABSALOM W. SHEPPARD, of Wilmington, Del. to Miss MARY S. HOWARD, of this city.

On Thursday evening, 17th inst. by the Rev. Solomon Higgins, Mr. JOHN M. DAVIS, to Miss ELIZABETH BROWN, both of this city.

On the same day the 17th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Rev. Asa Hebenon, FERDINAND W. BUR-GESS, of Boston, to Miss ELIZABETH COFFIN, daughter of Robert G. Johnson, of the same place.

On the 17th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Cox, Mr. Samuel Badger, Mr. HECTOR C. ROBBINS, to Miss REBECCA W. THOMSON, both of Bucks co.

On Wednesday evening, 16th inst. by the Rev. Thomas Brainerd, Mr. JOHN MARSHALL, to Miss SARAH A. CARROLL.

On the evening of the 16th inst. by the Rev. George Chandler, Mr. ELIJAH GOLDSMITH, to Mrs. Sarah Ann Hall.

On 5th day evening, the 27th ult. by John Smith, Mayor, of Philadelphia, ISAAC S. SHOEMAKER, of Upper Dublin Township, to JANE MYLLAN, of Moreland Township, Montgomery county.

On the 17th inst. by Elder F. J. Kurz, Mr. WM. COWARD, to HANNAH MORGAN, both of Germantown.

On the 17th inst. at Friends Meeting, Bilberry, THOMAS JAMES, to ELIZABETH, daughter of the late Jesse Knight, of Bilberry, Philadelphia county.

At Fallington, Bucks county, on the 17th inst. by John Lippincott, Esq. Mr. JOSEPH PEARCE, of Penn Township, N. Jersey, to Miss ELIZA WHARTON, of Fallington.

At Middletown, N. J. on the 16th inst. by the Rev. Samuel A. Van Anken, ABRAHAM H. WALKER, of Philadelphia, to LOUISA M. daughter of the late Capt. Wm. Bell, of N. York city.

At the same time, by the same, CHARLES CLARKSON, of Philadelphia, to MATILDA, youngest daughter of the late John Schuyman, D. D. of N. York city.

At St. Louis on the 2d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Tay-lor, Mr. JAMES MURRAY, late of this city, to Miss PRISCILLA H. WARRANCE, of St. Louis.

## DEATHS.

At Franklin, Somerset County, Me. on Saturday, 12th inst. Mr. A. W. CAMPBELL, son of Mr. A. Campbell, of this city, aged 23.

On Thursday evening the 17th inst. in the 2nd year of his age, Mr. CHARLES EDWARD, son of Mr. Jacob Shoemaker.

On Thursday, 17th inst. Mr. THOMAS STOKLEY.

On Thursday evening, 17th inst. Miss ELIZABETH C. JONES, in the 18th year of her age.

On Sunday morning the 13th inst. after a lingering illness, JAMES STEEN, in the 36th year of his age.

On Saturday morning, 19th inst. ELIZABETH, wife of SMERVILLE, late of this city, merchant, formerly of Charleston, S. C.

On Monday, 21st inst. of scarlet fever, ISAAC EL-LIOTT, JEFFERSON, aged 4 years and 7 days, son of James Pyle Longstreth, aged 4 years and 7 days.

On Friday morning, 18th inst. Mr. JOHN CLARKE, aged 72 years.

On Thursday evening, 17th inst. JAMES McKIN-NEY, aged 2 years.

On Thursday afternoon, 17th inst. FRANCES MARTHA, daughter of Thomas and Mary Ann Hoover Oliver, aged 10 months and 17 days.

On Thursday afternoon, 17th inst. after a severe illness of only five days, LOUISA C. the fourth daughter of Mr. C. R. Smith, aged 13 years.

Suddenly, on Monday morning, 21st inst. MARY SOPHIA, wife of Mr. Cesar Sood, and daughter of Joseph Wood, in the 25th year of her age.

On the 19th inst. Mrs. SARAH ANN GUER, in the 79th year of her age.

On the 19th inst. after a short illness, in the 41st year of h age, Mr. THOMAS HOCKLEY, a native of Yorkshire, England, and for many years a member of the Society of the British Bank of the United States in this city.

On Tuesday, the 8th inst. ROBERT BARCLAY, aged 3 years, 8 months and 8 days, son of the Rev. John Jones aged 3 months and 2 days.

On Tuesday, the 15th inst. Mrs. MARY WILEY, aged 71 years.

On Wednesday morning, 16th inst. Major ROGER ALDEN, in the 83d year of his age. Major Alden was a brave and distinguished officer of the revolution, and was present at the capture of the cruel enemies in Pennsylvania and New York.

## OBITUARY.

Departed this life, on the 11th Nov. in his 35th year, Mr. JAMES FLATHER, a native of London, England, but for many years a resident of this city. He has been rarely witnessed a scene so exceedingly affecting as that which the untimely end of this young man has called forth from his many friends. Possessed of a mind of the most refined sensibility, and a heart overflowing with kindness and affection, he was beloved by all who knew him. Of his bereaved family, to whom his death is a loss indeed, it is unnecessary to speak. Their grief is too deep for utterance, and their sorrow too sacred for the intrusion of any but the Father of mercies, who can alone heal the wounds which he has inflicted. Of his friends, many of whom have been his companions from childhood, it is not necessary to say that they will long look with feelings of regret upon his vacant seat. May it be a warning to them also to prepare to meet their God.

There were 104 deaths in Philadelphia during the past week, 51 of which were adults, and 53 children 9 persons of color included in the account.

SALES OF STOCKS.

*This week at the Stock and Exch. Board of Brokers.*

| | | price | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 767 | shares United States Bank, | 110 | 118 |
| 2 | do. Pennsylvania Bank, | 81½ | 400 |
| 10 | do. Philadelphia Bank, | 109 | 100 |
| 10 | do. Farm. & Mech. Bank, | 64 | 50 |
| 40 | do. Schuylkill Bank, | 50 | 50 |
| 50 | do. Girard Bank, | 95 | 50 |
| 859 | do. Girard Bank, | 95 | 50 |
| 4 | do. Vicksburg Bank, Miss. | 50 | 50 |
| 20 | do. Penn Town Bank, | 75 | 75 |
| 10 | do. Penn Township Bank, | 20 | 20 |
| 10 | do. Kensington Bank, | 98 | 50 |
| 1 | do. Bank of Pittsburg, | 50 | 50 |
| 15 | do. Com. Bank Cincinnati, | 95 | 100 |
| 1200 | do. Commercial Bank, | 98 | 100 |
| 20 | do. Northern Bank, Kentucky, | 50 | 50 |
| 100 | do. Com. Bank, Penn. | 101 | 50 |
| 10 | do. Planters Bank, Tenn. | 100 | 100 |
| 100 | do. Mechanics Bank, Tenn. | 100 | 100 |
| 10 | do. Bank of Chattanooga, Tenn. | 100 | 100 |
| 10 | do. Bank of Tennessee, | 100 | 100 |
| 10 | do. Bank of Middle Tennessee, | 100 | 100 |
| 1 | do. Bank of Gallatin, Tenn. | 100 | 100 |
| 1 | do. Bank of Nashville, Tenn. | 100 | 100 |
| 1 | do. Bank of Knoxville, Tenn. | 100 | 100 |
| 1 | do. Bank of Columbia, Tenn. | 100 | 100 |
| 1 | do. Bank of Memphis, Tenn. | 100 | 100 |
| 1 | do. Bank of Clarksville, Tenn. | 100 | 100 |
| 1 | do. Bank of Shelbyville, Tenn. | 100 | 100 |
| 1 | do. Bank of Columbia

Variety's the spice of life,
That gives it all its flavour.


FAUX PAS.

Two gentlemen were at a ball one night,
Said one to other, 'Why, whose bonnet's right?'
'What! that pale lady?' 'Yes.' 'Oh, that's my mother.'

'Not her,—you must be looking at another,—
I mean the one in blue—that tone you mussed her.'
'The azure dress?' 'Yes' 'Why—she, sir, is my sister.'

'Not her, the next one, on my life
I think a horrid fright—who's she?' 'My Wife.'
—*Boston Adieu.*

The Boston Mercantile gives the following copy of a sign in the west end of that city:

'hE hops he's stakes,
and hE nE ti hat At 12-3 corn Ts.

Young ladies are inseparable friends when they have a lover a-piece, and no cause of jealousy.

Two Irishmen seeing a small Shetland Pony passing by, one says to the other, Patrick! do you ivver see sitch a baste in yer life? Indeed, I have, said he, I have seen one as little as two of him!

*Anecdote.*—Jimmy McCarty, a good natured, honest Irishman was a long time in the service of Mr. P. a gentleman living at Hartford, Connecticut, who often amused himself by pleasant and familiar conversation with Jimmy about his Irish Affairs. At length Jimmy's patience was exhausted, and becoming somewhat fretful, he threw down his spade, took off his hat and respectfully addressed Mr. P. "Sir, I beg, you would'nt forever be taxing me about my Irish blunders. It's just as much as I can do to get brought up, intirely. Now you shall take up Englishmen and carry him over to Scotland and let him be born and brought up there, you know and he'll speak just the same as I do."

In Roxbury, some years ago, there lived an apothecary whose legs were somewhat of the drumstick order—he was of a very irritable disposition, and the wags of the day took great delight in tormenting him by sundry messengers to request the loan of his pants to run errands in—stating that the moulds they had were too large.

ALL HERE.

We are all here!
Father, Mother,
Sister, Brother,

All who hold each other dear,
Each chair is filled, we're all AT HOME,
To night let no cold stranger come;
It is not often thus around
Our old familiar hearth we're found;
Bless thee the meeting and the spot,
For once be every care forgot,
Let gentle peace assert her power,
And kind affection rule the hour;
We're all—all here.

We're not all here:

Some are away—the dead ones dear,
Who thronged with us the sincere hearth
And gave the hour to gladless mirth;
Fair, with a stern, relentless hand,
Locked in and stunned our little band;
Some like a night flash passed away,
And some sank, lingering, day by day;
The span grew rent—some tie there,
And cruel Ocean has his share—

We're not all here.

We're all here!

Even they—the dead—though dead so dear,
Find memory, to her duty true,
Brings back their faded forms to view,
How like the through the mist of years,
Each well-remembered face appears;
We see them as in times long past,
From each to each load looks are cast;
We hear their words, these smiles behold.
They're round us as they were of old—

We are all here!

We are all here!
Father, Mother,
Sister, Brother!

You that I love with love so dear
This may not long of us be said,
Soon may we join the gathered dead,
And by the hearth we sit—or rest,
Some other circle will be found,
O then that wisdom may we know,
That wields a tie of peace below,
So in the world to follow this,
May each repeat, in words of bliss,

We're all—all here!

A distinguished gentleman of Pennsylvania, whose nose and chin were both very long, and who had lost his teeth, whereby his nose and chin were brought near together; was told, "I am afraid your nose and chin will fight before long, they approach each other very menacingly." "I am afraid of it myself," replied the gentleman, "for a great many words have passed between them already."

Horrible Warfare.—A letter from an English gentleman at Constantinople gives the following minutiæ some particulars of the Turkish army under Reschid Pacha, in the subjugation of the Kurds. It seems that the Kurdish chieftain roasts alive all the prisoners he takes from the Pachas, and that the Pacha retaliates by impaling all the Kurds who shall fall into his hands; thus the country is carried on in a style of war exceeding even the horrors of Spanish warfare.

New Scale of Intemperance.—The grog dealers in Seville, says a neighbor, sell their liquor in long tun tubes, by the foot—in order to avoid the intense laws. A pint and a half is estimated to be a dose for a soaker.—*Boston Times.*

*Taking it easy.*—Dr. Sheppard, of New-York, returning from a Southern tour, finds his packet up on the deck of the boat, a wallet containing about $1000, which he restored to the owner, who on receiving it—"Well upon my word, observed on receiving it—"Well upon my word, I am obliged to you for packing this up—I take it you must be an honest fellow, sir!"

In a village not a hundred miles from Cork a medical man was one night disturbed by repeated taps at his door, and on getting up found a laboring man soliciting an immediate attendance for his wife. "Have you been long married?" asked the doctor. "Indeed I have, answered Pat—But why didn't you ring the night-bell? "Och, because I was afraid of disturbing your honor!"

*Examination of a Witness.*—Judge—What is your business, sir?

Wit.—Nothing particular!

Judge—You do not appear to be a man of property—how do you get your bread?

Wit.—I sometimes get it of Mr. Humbert, the baker, sir—and sometimes—

Judge—Stop, sir. I understand my question—How do you support yourself?

Wit.—On a chair, sir, in the day time, on a bed at night.

Judge—I do not sit here to trifle. Are you a Christian?

Wit.—No sir.

Judge—What are you then?

Wit.—A Presbyterian, sir.

Judge—If you do not answer me, I will have you taken out.

Wit.—I would thank your honor to do it: for the times are so hard that I cannot take care of myself.

Judge—You work around the wharves, I suppose?

Wit.—None—you can't get around them without a boat, and I don't own one.

Judge—I believe you are an idle vagabond.

Wit.—Your honor is very slow to belief or you would have found that out before.

Judge—What do you know of the case before the court?

Wit.—Nothing, sir.

Judge—Then why do you stand there?

Wit.—Because I have no other to sit on.

Judge—Go about your business.—*Boston Gazette.*

Sounder by Inoculation.—A clown walking off on a visit to the city, met with some small wonders who furnish canal tourists of all limited means, with "witties and drank," and just as he was on the point of vending a large lot of sausages for a hungry looking traveller, which were to last him until he arrived at Buffalo, a vagabond, looking unspeculy at the article and eddressing the seller, said 'Is them good tourist sausages?' Yes they are good sausages, you simpleton. You would like to keep me from selling them, you could fix it for me, I guess, by chalk.' 'No I would not,' responded the loafer. 'I don't know what they are a your particular kind of sausages; they may be good sausengers; I don't know. They look good sausengers, I do say so, but whether some-ever you see them kind of sausengers, I don't see no dogs. I guess, on reflection,' said the traveller, 'that I won't negotiate for them articles. The man's last remark has gi'n me a distaste for 'em.'

A damper.—A young city fop, in company with some belles of fashion, was riding in the country a distance, when they saw a poor rustic looking lad at work by the road side. Thinking it a fine opportunity to show his wit to the damsels, by sporting with the poor boy's ignorance, the fop accosted him:—"Can you tell me, Mr. Zebedee, how far it is from this place to Boston?" returned in the most direct:" Poor Zeddy, not at all disturbed, but with the most unmoved countenance, replied, "if you are going to the States, it is but a short distance: if to jail, it stands a few rods this side; but if only to poverty and disgrace you are now in it, and cannot get out of the way. The dandy dropped his head and drove on.—*Knoxville Register.*

In the great fires at Portsmouth in 1801, 1806, and 1813, Deacon Dye was a considerable sufferer, and on each of them was reduced from comfortaney to poverty. His neighbors generally, and the church in particular set on foot a subscription for his relief, which was soon liberally filled up. The deacon called in a short time after on his neighbor, to assist towards his relief. He was immediately cut off with the answer that he intended" to add his name and quota to the subscription. "Why, neighbor," said the deacon, and informed him if he meant to contribute, he ought to do it at once, for, said he, I intend to hand over the amount to-day to the treasurer." The merchant was touched at the salutation, and told him—"I will not be outdone in any subscription, for I am able and willing to contribute as much as any man, so you may set down your name to the list."—Neither did I intend to place it there, till I had seen your own name, replied Capt. B. but I don't like to take a shoop, hand me a check, sid cock. The check